Sports Illustrated

GAY BREWER
TELLS HOW TO HIT
GOLF'S BEST SHOT

THE FADE

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with Ronrico, the light
tasteful rum from Puerto Rico.
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RONRICO
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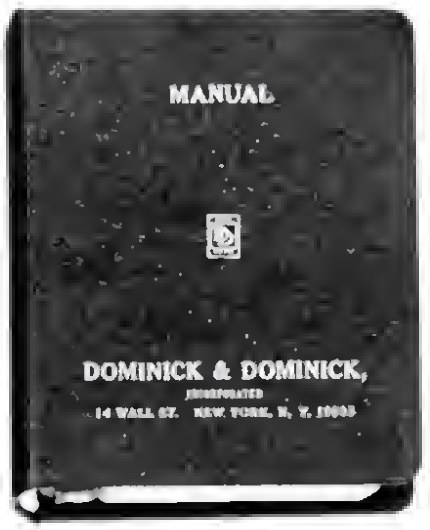

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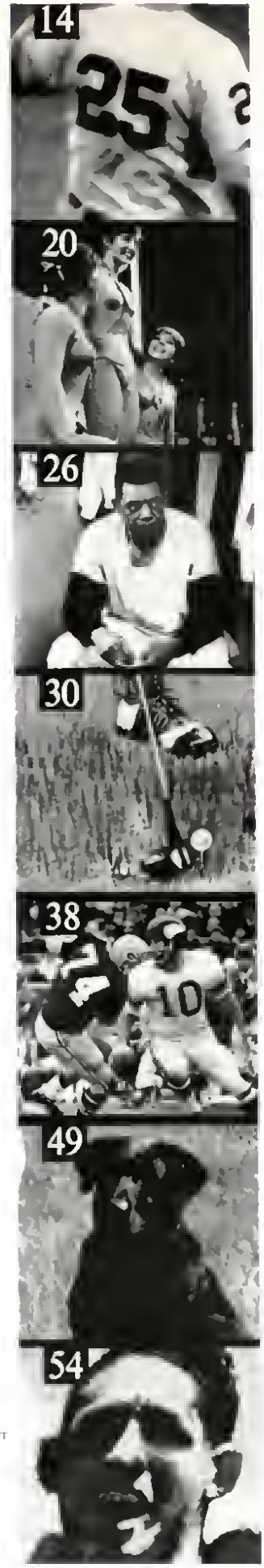

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Next week

THE SAINTS of New Orleans march into pro football with more talent than any previous expansion club. Tex Maule reports on the NFL's newest and so far luckiest franchise.

MUHAMMAD ALI'S trainer, Angelo Dundee, begins an intimate and revealing account of the champion's career from Golden Gloves adolescence to heavyweight invincibility.

A GALLERY OF GREAT U.S. Thoroughbreds, at home in paddock and pasture, in color photographs by Jerry Cooke. From Bold Ruler to Swaps, most are now famous sires.

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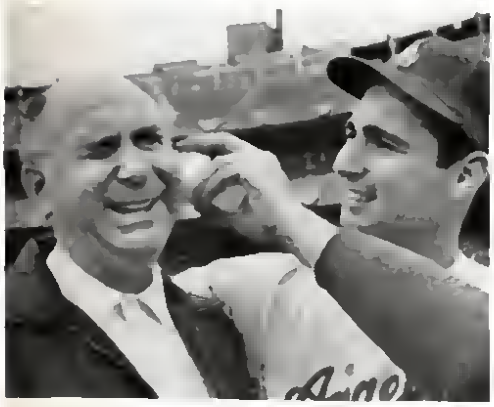
LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There are some who will tell you flatly that Herbie Scharfman, who took the pictures on pages 14 and 18 of this issue, is the greatest sports photographer in the whole world, including New York's upper East Side. As the proud employer of a large stable of skilled lensmen, I cannot go that far, but I will say that none of them can top Herbie as an adviser to Presidents. He once advised



SCHARFMAN ADVISES SANDY KOUFAX

Harry S. Truman: "Look, Harry, will you stop walking so fast, already?" Or to pitchers: "Look, Sandy, I'm telling ya to stick it in his ear, see?" Or to prizefighters: "Hey, Benvenuti. Hey, *fella*! Look over here at me and wave. Atta boy!" Herbie also counsels baseball managers free of charge: "Look, Walter, this is what I think we gotta do here."

Through all his advising, Scharfman gives the impression of having a solid-brass psyche (he is a little dismayed when people find it is just brass-plated and that beneath the bluff Herbie is solid marshmallow). All sorts of people, particularly sports figures, are never quite sure he is not the guy who owns the franchise. He is, in fact, such a voluble baseball expert that Walter Alston introduces him as "my assistant manager." Only a photographer of the old school could be so beautifully brash and get away with it.

There are not many such graduates left—the old school started long before SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did. Herbie himself started back in the tough 1930s when press photographers were bold, hardy men, always first on the scene with their hat brims turned up. He ranged from sports to news beats. In the early war days of 1942 he was taking shots of ships torpedoed off the Atlantic Coast and later joined those well-known, well-photographed morning walks with President Truman around New York. "We were all beat," he says, "but he never got tired, Harry."

Scharfman began taking on his protective brass coating as a motorcycle messenger for the late International News Photos, roaring off to various ball parks and fight arenas to pick up and deliver unprocessed film to the old *Daily Mirror* building on East 45th Street. Finally bored with carrying other people's pictures, he began shooting some on his own.

By the time Herbie came to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED he had already collected several major photography awards. "I still got a cellar full of 'em," he says. INS—and INP with it—merged with UP Saturday, May 24, 1958. Herbie took a whole day off before coming to work for us on Monday, May 26. His first assignment was to go to Syosset, Long Island to get a dog picture.

"What are you, *kidding* me?" Herbie groaned to the picture editor. "You want a mug shot of a lousy *bloodhound?*" The protest made, he then went meekly out to Long Island and brought back a series of memorable dog shots—so memorable that they were held until there was enough space to do them justice in the magazine. We have been saving space like that for Herb Scharfman ever since.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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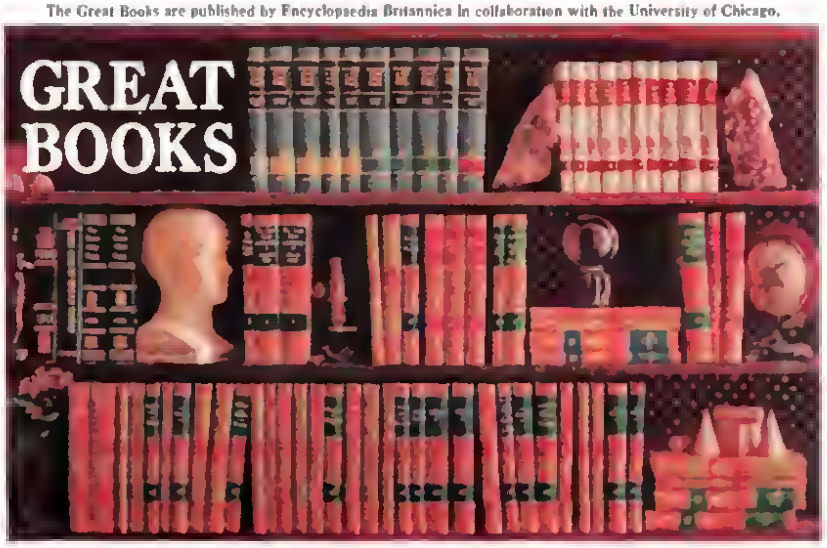

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For 57 years, Firestone has used racing for research. Most recent example: the Firestone tires on Parnelli Jones' revolutionary turbine—the car that stole the show at the '67 Indianapolis 500. And now, out of this racing research comes a new kind of tire. The Firestone Super Sports Wide Oval.

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This is probably the shape of your present tire.

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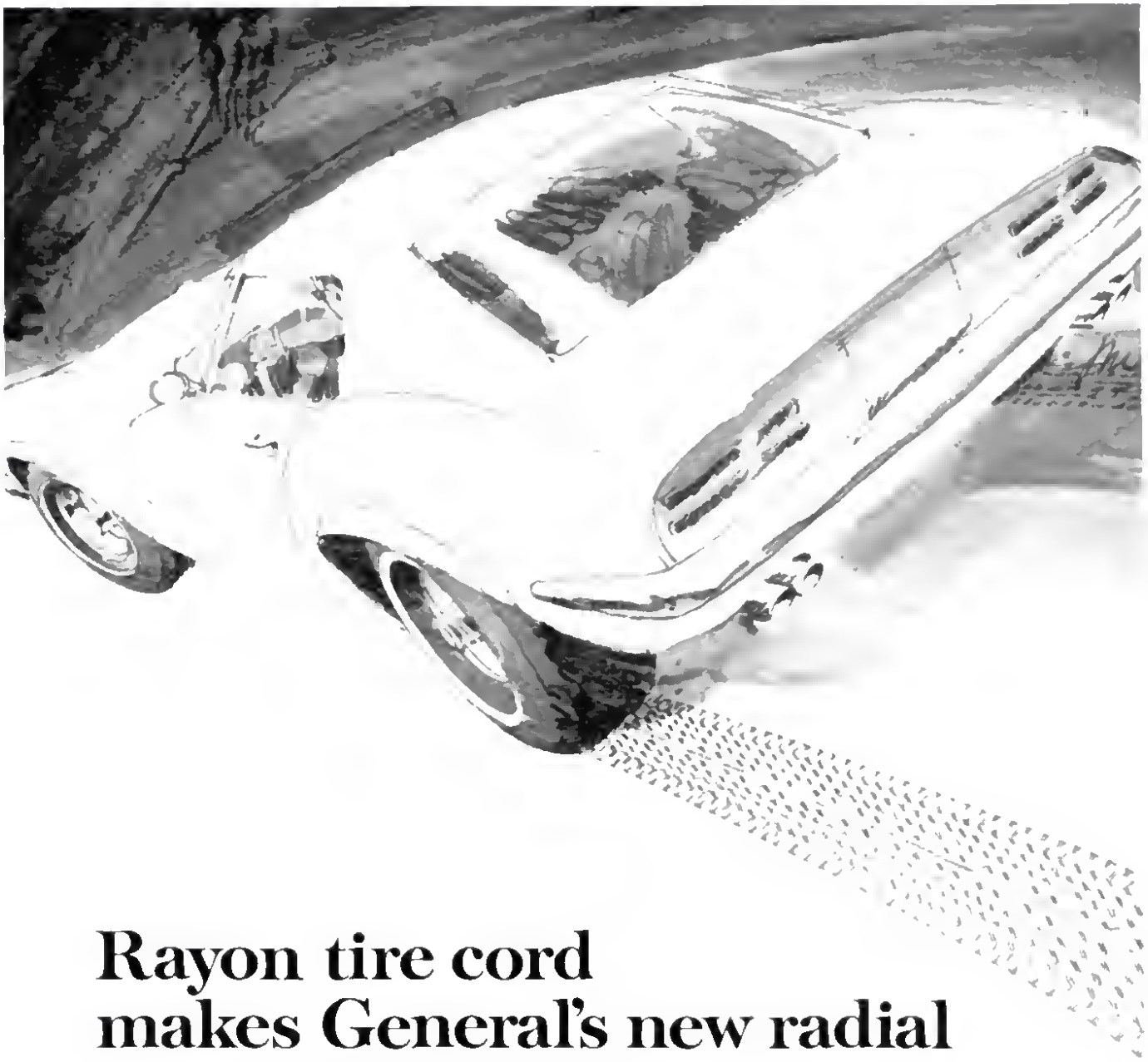

Rayon tire cord makes General's new radial a tough tire to follow.

The new Jet-Radan redial is making trecks thet are tough to follow. They're easy to recognize, however, for they heve the same wide dual-traction tread as General's popular Jet Air II.

But we repeet, they're tough to follow! For Generel's new Jet-Raden radial is sure footed in tight, fest turns (redial construction holds more rubber on the road). It keeps its "cool" et hot speeds (with less friction between plies there's less heet buildup). It soaks up road shocks before they reach the driver's arms. It gives at least 50% greater mileege.

General builds its tough new Jet-Radans with two radial plies of rayon end a four ply rayon circumferential belt. Why rayon? For two reasons: (1) General knows rayon. It's the cord in their Jet Air II OE tires. (2) General knows that radiel tire construction demands cord of unusuel toughness and stability. Modern reyon measures up on both counts.

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FOOTLOOSE

The early days of aviation come alive in a museum 10 miles outside Paris

If you are an antique airplane enthusiast (or even a *Peanuts* reader) and happen to be traveling near Paris this summer, you could do worse than stop off at the little village of Meudon. Meudon boasts a museum of aviation history set in an aeronautical research center.

Among the 90 or more planes owned by Le Musée de l'Air is a replica of the glider in which Otto Lilienthal flew more than 2,000 times in the 1890s. Lilienthal is the first man who managed a flight in a heavier-than-air machine. He would hold himself on the glider with his elbows and forearms, run downhill into the wind and take off. His equilibrium was maintained by moving his body and legs, and he kept aloft for distances up to 330 yards.

There is a reconstructed Voisin that contains many of the original struts and screws as well as the original Antoinette 50-hp engine of the biplane built by the Voisin brothers for Henri Farman, who won the first controlled one-kilometer closed-circuit race in 1908. The first seaplane ever built is there, the one in which Henri Fabre, on March 28, 1910, succeeded in taking off from the water and flying 330 yards. Mounted on three floats, with the propeller in back and the stabilizers in front, the plane looks more like a framework than an actual flying machine. There is also a copy of the Wright biplane in which Calbraith P. Rodgers flew in 49 days from New York to Los Angeles in 1911, and a reconstruction with the original fuselage of a model of the Blériot XI, in which Louis Blériot flew across the Channel on July 25, 1909.

If those gems are not tantalizing enough, the Snoopy fan can see examples of World War I combat planes, including a Caudron G-4 twin-engine two-seater that was used throughout the war as a fighter and a bomber from 1915-1917; a Baby Nieuport chase plane that distinguished itself on the Somme, a Spad XIII equipped with two Vickers synchronized machine guns, and a 200-hp Hispano-Suiza engine that drove it to a speed of 130 mph.

From the World War II period there is a Russian YAK-3 and a British Spitfire. The supersonic realm is represented by a prototype of the Trident, the French interceptor designed in 1953 that had a Mach speed of more than 1.7.

In addition to actual planes, there are many beautiful scale models of imaginary and experimental planes, helicopters, gliders, balloons and dirigibles that succeeded in flying as early as 1852. Sorry, *Peanuts* fans, no Sopwith Camel.

—FELICIA LEE

Pick one to die.
Pick one for jail.
Pick one to waste away.
Pick three for happiness.

Some children find happiness easily. Others need the help and guidance only a trained person can provide, medical attention they cannot afford, love they have been denied. When you decide to give to your United Fund or Community Chest, you may change a life.

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Mike Fossier and his family still find Lexington Battle Green an inspiring reminder of American independence

PHOTO: STEPHEN HEISER

MIKE W. FOSSIER, *39, Vice President, Assistant General Manager-Technical, Missiles Systems Division, Raytheon Company, Lexington, Mass*

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SCORECARD

RETURN OF THE RACERS

Everyone remembers the last episode in the adventures of Ford Motor Co. and its Racer Boys Abroad. The villainous International Automobile Federation (FIA) announced it was planning new engine-size rules, which would legislate Ford's winning cars out of Le Mans and other noted world endurance runs. Ford protested—a bit too mildly, everyone thought—then vanished without a trace. Well, the Ford boys are back in the U.S. and ready to roar.

A hint of the Ford future came last week when the company announced with a routine yawn that it had signed driving champion Mario Andretti to pilot a factory car in the six-event Canadian-American Challenge Cup series.

The key word in that sentence is factory, and the Can-Am people had best be ready for a wild season.

Ford is building two all-new sports cars for this series, with giant experimental engines called calliopes, described by a Ford public-relations man as "fantastic brutes." In addition, such familiar motoring figures as Holman and Moody, Carroll Shelby and Dan Gurney will roll out six other new cars that will show Ford's unofficial factory touch. All eight cars represent what Ford calls "a shift in emphasis in racing" from Europe back to the United States.

The new cars, still unnamed, will be high-fendered, open two-seaters, 30.7 inches high and capable of doing a smooth 200 mph on straightaways, faster than anything in this division so far.

For impartial racing fans, the stirring thing about this is that Ford, for all of its size, will not steamroller the opposition. It is well known that two fierce new Chaparrals are in the works, last year's Can-Am winner John Surtees and challengers Roger Penske and Mark Donohue have new Lola-Chevrolets ready, a pair of Matick-Repco racers will come from Australia, and the hottest rumor has it that Italy's Enzo Ferrari is preparing two superlight P4s for the battle.

No matter who wins, it is good to have Ford concentrating on U.S. racing once again.

POLITE—BUT BRAVE

In preparation for next summer's Olympics, Mexico City has announced a clean-up campaign, and Mayor Alfonso Corona del Rosal is starting with the city's infamous cab drivers. All 18,000 of them are attending classes in courtesy, traffic and personal hygiene. They are being advised to take daily baths ("it is good for the body and the spirit," the instructors explain), to cool their voluble passion for comely pedestrians and to restrict their use of profanity to something mortal ears can bear. They also will be issued new uniforms. An old city regulation requires drivers to wear uniforms, but they rarely do, because it hinders their escape if they are involved in a traffic accident.

The slogan for the cab campaign suggests, however, that some Olympic-level fortitude will still be required of cab riders in Mexico City. The slogan is: "Courtesy does not take away bravery."

STORMING THE BEACH

With school just out in the Ruhr district, a flood tide of vacationing German tourists is racing for the North Sea beaches, and Dutch authorities are braced for the attack. Customarily, German families follow the old infantryman's rule of digging in after taking new ground. They stake out a plot on the beach, erect elaborate fortifications of sand around their rented wicker chairs, decorate the high walls with intricate shell designs and defend each fortress as if it were the Atlantic Wall. Sometimes these sand castles fly the German flag.

It is hardly surprising that this does not sit well with the Belgians and the Dutch, who find it difficult to find a patch of public sand in the midst of the hostile bunkers. They regard this fortress-building as a residue of German militarism and have uneasy recollections about Germans and beaches. The German tourists scoff at the complaints against their sand castles. "They are just for privacy, and it keeps the kids busy," one German explains.

BOWWOW

The City Council of Austin, Texas, has adopted an ordinance making it unlawful for dogs to bark. The new measure reads, "It shall be unlawful for any person to keep or harbor any dog which makes frequent or long continued noise which is disturbing to persons in the neighborhood who have normal nervous sensibilities and ordinary tastes, habits and modes of living."

When the new law was being discussed in the Council city officials were asked why they did not enforce a long-standing law requiring dogs to be leashed. The city fathers explained that law was too difficult to enforce.

LONDON BRIDGE IS COMING DOWN

The garage on North Clark Street in Chicago where the St. Valentine's Day massacre took place is being demolished, but a Chicago stock-car-racing promoter, Perry Luster, who believes that some people have no feeling for the importance of history, intends to fill the monumental void. He says he will buy London Bridge, move it stone by stone to Chicago and reconstruct it between

Gate O and the parking lot at Soldier Field, where the customers for his Saturday night stock-car races in the stadium would get full use of it.

The historic bridge, which dates back to Roman days and has been rebuilt three times—after being damaged by battle (in the reign of Aethelred the Unready), fire (the Great Fire of 1666) and

continued

Try to cut it.

This is a ball you won't believe.

As far as abuse goes, Faultless will take all that any duffer can give it—and more. Belly a shot. Top it. Skull it. Even look up on an iron. Doesn't make any difference. *This ball won't cut.*

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We designed this ball for *distance*. And you'll get it. The Faultless eats up far more yardage than you'd have any right to expect.

You'll probably wonder why you're in the fairway so often, too. That's because the Faultless has nothing in it to get out of round or balance. So, your iron shots will suddenly seem to be a little straighter. And we honestly believe this ball putts better, truer than any you've ever stroked.

One tip. Please use *another* ball on those water holes, won't you? We still haven't learned how to make the Faultless float.

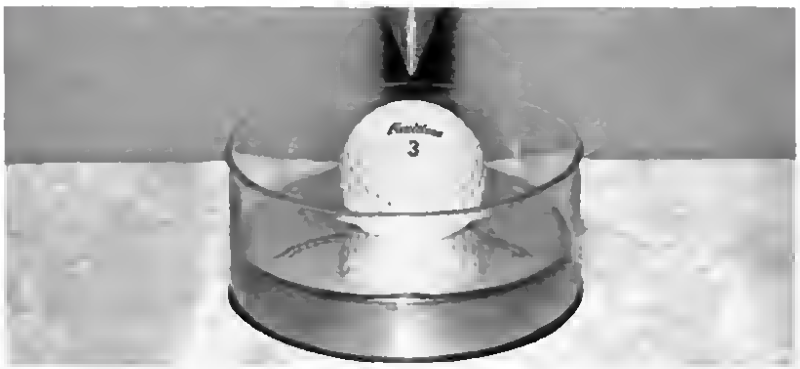
"...really, it's like hitting a new ball every time you swing."

Would anyone else dare this "guillotine" test?

What happens when a knife-sharp blade cuts into the soft cover of an ordinary golf ball? That's easy. It cuts. It becomes unplayable.

But try the same trick with a Faultless.

What happens? Nothing. That's why you can hit it—right or wrong—time after time, round after round, without worrying about cutting it.



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Faultless has its own lie-detector test to tell. Our laboratory people use this mercury bath. If the ball turns, you know it's out of balance.

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flood—was put on the market recently when London's governing corporation decided to replace it with a $3.3 million six-lane span. The British hope to get anywhere from $280,000 to $2.5 million for it. They have received several bids—one from London, Ontario, which already has a River Thames and a Westminster Bridge. That may seem a more suitable site for the old bridge than Soldier Field, but Perry Luster figures if the British were willing to sell the *Queen Mary* to Long Beach, Calif., for a waterfront hotel, they will be willing to listen to his pitch. "At least I'm idealistic enough to think I can work out the deal," he says. Perhaps he could offer the British one slightly used garage to sweeten the bargain.

TIP-OFF

Not long ago Buffalo Bill Coach Joel Collier expressed the opinion that basketball players are the best all-round athletes. He believes that half of the NBA could also play professional football. Collier says, "To play basketball you have to have coordination, and thus you can adapt to other games. A player learns to run in all directions and especially to back-pedal. This helps an athlete become a good defensive back in football. Some football players come to the pros never having learned to run backward because they played on offense throughout high school and college. Of course, the main thing a basketball player must prove when he reports for football is that he likes contact."

NBA players K. C. Jones and John Havlicek did try out for pro football before deciding to stick with basketball. Fred Taylor, the basketball coach at Ohio State who taught Havlicek and had to ward off Woody Hayes, who was eager to have him play football, agrees with Collier. He says, "What makes a basketball player excel in most other sports is body balance, footwork and maneuvering speed. It is the ability to change directions quickly without losing balance."

Even Woody Hayes apparently has given considerable thought to Collier's theory. He candidly admits to believing "that there are many great football players who are not really good all-round athletes. This, however, is mostly true of the interior linemen. There are some tremendous football players who couldn't do well in any other sport, except maybe

continued

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weights, because they simply are aggressive, bull-strong and willing to work a bit harder than other athletes. They've acquired a toughness and strength that isn't really necessary in other sports."

COMMUNITY TEST

Every summer Yakima, Wash., puts its fittest foot forward by sponsoring a community climb of 12,307-foot Mount Adams, the third highest mountain in the Cascade Range. This year 432 of the 471 climbers who set out made the summit, an achievement that did not call for great mountaineering skill but did require good handling of ice axes and rope. The oldest climber (an 82-year-old man turned back) was a 72-year-old retired fruit rancher, who was a map-maker for General Pershing in World War I, and the youngest a child of 8.

After six weeks of conditioning at the YMCA—doing sit-ups, leg exercises and daily runs—the group set out at midnight two Saturdays ago to scale the snowy peak. Parachute flares illuminated the route until dawn, and by 11:30 Sunday morning almost everyone, including Miss Yakima, had reached the summit. Also at the top was a rocking chair, carried by a guide. From this seat of power Mayor Jack Larson claimed Mount Adams for Yakima.

ESCAPE FROM OBLIVION

Last year East German Track Star Jurgen May exclaimed to a Western journalist, "Politics, always politics, iss getting in the way." That was in June. May was his country's outstanding athlete. He had beaten Kipchoge Keino with a 3:53.8 mile and had been feted by his government for contributing to the glory of socialism. Last Thursday morning Jurgen May fled to West Germany.

During the European championship meet in Budapest last September, May was reported to East German track authorities by a teammate for having accepted $100 from a West German shoe manufacturer. He was suspended. Later the authorities, apparently suspecting his political reliability, extended the suspension indefinitely—they said "for reasons of health."

In January, May was barred for life, with no further explanation. At the same time he lost his $125-a-month job as a sportswriter for the newspaper *Das Volk* (The People) and his job as an instructor

at an Erfurt sports academy. It was then that he began plotting his escape.

The East German News Agency, commenting on the defection, declared May "had played into the fangs of a Western company from which he accepted a bribe . . He was therefore excluded from any competition, because sports cannot be misused for evil business purposes or personal aggrandizement. Obviously it is the same forces . which have now caused him to sell out his guaranteed living in the German Democratic Republic."

West Germany's *Hamburger Abendblatt* countered by carrying a statement that May had made three years ago, while he was still on good terms with the East German government "The path I have taken is typical for the development of a young man in our state "

A BIT OF TEXAS IN TERRE HAUTE

Terre Haute Memorial Stadium, once the home of the Phillies of the old Three-I League, will have the world's first outdoor Astroturf football field. The $125,000 carpet is being installed by Indiana State University for its home games against such teams as Butler, Ball State, Valparaiso, Eastern Illinois and Western Illinois State University President Alan C. Rankin, who is paying for the project with foundation funds, says he is pleased to have the field to offer to all of Terre Haute High school football games will be held there, and the stadium, which now has 10,000 permanent seats, will eventually be expanded to 24,000

During the years it was used for baseball, Indiana State's rivals referred to the field as the Mud Bowl or Dust Bowl —depending on the weather—because the field was never sodded. The new surface is drip-dry and vacuum cleaners will suck up any dust Maintenance costs figure to be dirt cheap.

THEY SAID IT

• Ed Kirkpatrick, on being notified that he was being sent to Jacksonville by the California Angels after having been recalled from Seattle just nine days before "Somebody else had better tell my wife."

▪ Bill Pickens, 6′ 10″, 270-pound defensive-line candidate with the Kansas City Chiefs after his first contact with their All-League offensive tackle, Jim Tyrer: "It's like running into a brick wall that has arms."

END

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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 7, 1967

FIVE FOR THE FLAG

Furious pennant races used to be the exclusive property of the National League, but last week the action was in the American, five teams whaling away at one another, each with reason to believe it could be first in September. Chicago was on top, but Boston and California were streaking, while Detroit and Minnesota were close behind. It was a week of record crowds, rioting, thunderstorms, superstition, extra-inning games, arguments and slam-bang base running. Even the umpires seemed caught up in the drama, making their decisions with admirable flair. When it was over Chicago was still on top, with the others still chasing. There were still eight weeks left in the pennant race, and it looked as though the excitement would not fade. Covering last week's games in New York, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore and Washington were SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's *William Leggett, Joe Jares, Herman Weiskopf, Curry Kirkpatrick and Walter Ward.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR. AND HERB SCHARFMAN

Umpire Emmett Ashford registers emphatic safe as Detroit's Norm Cash, who stole second, and Chicago's Marv Staehle check decision.

MONDAY, JULY 24

At Logan International Airport in Boston, a crowd of 10,000 showed up Sunday night to greet the returning Red Sox, winners of six straight games on the road. There was also a mob scene in Detroit, a city still in the grip of the year's most devastating riot. Tiger General Manager Jim Campbell sent Governor George Romney a wire offering to play Tuesday's game against the Orioles before empty stands but to have it televised locally to help keep people off the streets. Romney decided the lights of the ball park would only attract crowds, so the Tigers switched their series with the Orioles to Baltimore. In Chicago the International Graphoanalysis Society opened its annual convention and took a look at White Sox Manager Eddie Stanky's signature. "The Ds are comparatively large," it was noted, "indicating a level of pride that demands exacting performance from himself and others. He also writes a defiant K, a sign that he is vigilant to any encroachment on his rights." The Minnesota Twins, losers of six straight, arrived in New York for a four-game series. "Baseball is a game of cycles," said Club President Cal Griffith, "and we're just going through a bad one." The California Angels, who had won 33 of 45 games since June 7 to move from last place to third, arrived at Logan Airport 20 hours after the Red Sox and were greeted by no one.

TUESDAY, JULY 25

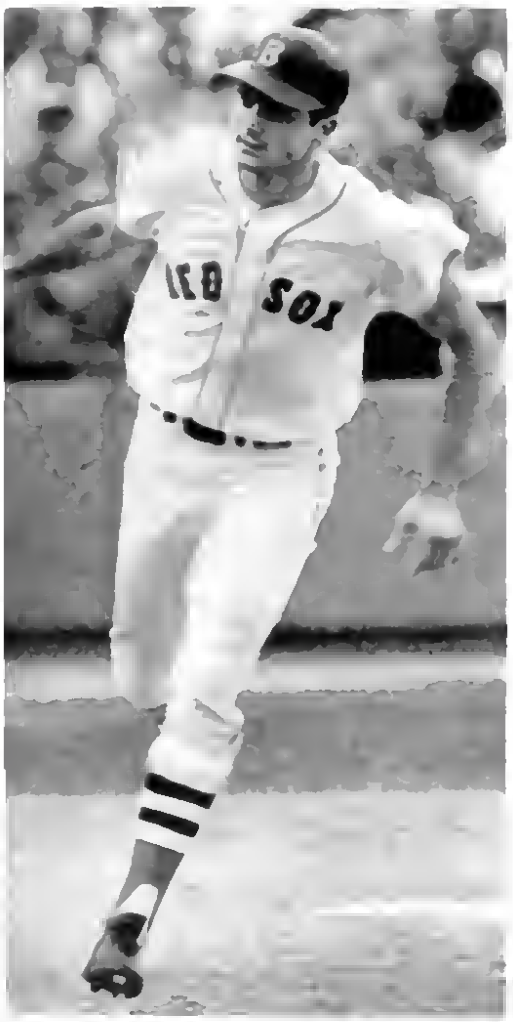
"Nothing can stop us now," said Boston's Carl Yastrzemski before the start of the Angel series, but he hadn't counted on The Thing, a little doll with long hair and a wide grin that for a month and a half had been the Angels' good-luck charm. Pitcher Clyde Wright

continued

Umpire Nestor Chylak loses his chest protector calling Minnesota's Cesar Tovar out as Boston Catcher Mike Ryan effectively blocks plate.

brought the doll along with him when he was called up from Seattle, and immediately the team went on its extended winning streak. Shortstop Jim Fregosi keeps The Thing hooked to his locker and gives it a pat on the way out to the field. In the first game against Boston the spell continued as the Angels won 6–4, their seventh straight victory.

It was raining in New York, but the Yankees and Twins played anyway. The Twins, who had just lost three straight 2-1 games to California, again scored only one run but led 1–0 with two out in the ninth. Up came Mickey Mantle and, with the count 3-1, Pitcher Jim Kaat decided to go with his fast ball. It was, Kaat said later, "right down Broadway," and Mantle drove it 450 feet into the left-field bleachers to tie the score. Minutes later rain halted the game. In an effort to forget the lost victory a number of Minnesota players sought comfort in the night life of the big city, enjoying it well past the team curfew.



Tony Conigliaro runs out homer he predicted

It had just started to drizzle in Baltimore when Umpire Frank Umont called for the tarpaulin, but a spectacularly shoddy performance by the Orioles' ground crew left the first-base line uncovered during the ensuing cloudburst and forced the game to be canceled.

"Too bad we can't play," said Pitcher Dave Wickersham. "We've been going good." Johnny Podres, kibitzing a card game, said: "If we can just get him back in there. . . ." His voice trailed off. Him, of course, was Al Kaline, who had been out of the lineup since he broke his finger four weeks ago by slamming his hat into the rack. "I'm ready to play now," said Kaline. "Took batting practice tonight, and it hurt just a little." Manager Mayo Smith was optimistic. "We lost seven straight right after the All-Star Game, but we're still close. The question is whether Al can pick up where he left off."

It took the White Sox and Indians seven hours and 40 minutes to complete a doubleheader in Chicago, but when it was over the White Sox had two more victories for the man who demands exacting performance. "I guess when you're in first place you're like a man drowning," said Stanky later. "If you see a six-inch piece of wood you grab at it. You'll do anything to stay in first place — to keep those 25 ballplayers in first place." What Stanky did was use 16 players, including his two amazing ancients, to win the 16-inning second game. Hoyt Wilhelm, 44, who had relieved in the first game, pitched three and a third scoreless innings. Smoky Burgess, 40, hit a two-run pinch home run. Even so, Ken Berry had to hit a two-run homer in the 16th to win it for the Sox after the Indians had taken the lead. It was a long day but a good one. The White Sox lead over the second-place Red Sox had grown from half a game to two full ones.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26

Minnesota Manager Cal Ermer, it developed, had spent his time after Tuesday night's tie game walking the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel and making bed checks. As a result, about one-third of the team was fined $250 apiece for breaking curfew. That evening Ermer found another way to keep his players away from the lures of the city—a doubleheader with an 18-inning second game, the same sort of torture the White Sox and Indians had endured the night before. The Twins, still unable to score more than one run a game, lost the first 6–1, but in the second they exploded for three runs to win 3–2 and break their losing streak. One look at his weary players trooping back to the dressing room and Ermer knew there would be no need for a bed check that night.

In Boston the Angels were leading 4–1 in the seventh inning, headed for their eighth straight victory, when The Thing presumably fell from its hook in Fregosi's locker. Yastrzemski doubled with the bases loaded, and when the inning was over Boston had scored six runs and was ahead to stay. After the game a large part of the near-capacity crowd —Red Sox attendance is some 300,000 ahead of last year—waited outside Fenway Park to greet the players. In the Angel locker room Manager Bill Rigney holted the door for 15 minutes, finally opening it only long enough to admit a few California newspapermen. "Nobody else," said a uniformed guard. "Rigney's too mad to talk."

It rained in Chicago, and the White Sox game with the Indians was called off in the third inning with Cleveland ahead 1–0. "If it had to rain," groaned Eddie Stanky, "I wish the whole game had been rained out. Now Fred Klages has been used up. If the game hadn't started I could have used Klages against Cleveland tomorrow and saved both Horlen and Peters for the Tiger series this weekend." It would never occur to a man who writes defiant Ks that the rain could have come at the end of five innings, making it a complete game and a White Sox loss.

THURSDAY, JULY 27

Because he was one of the players fined $250, Minnesota Pitcher Mudcat Grant asked to be traded. "I don't mind the fine so much," explained Grant. "I do object to Ermer not believing me."

According to Grant, his roommate, Catcher Earl Battey, did not want the air conditioner on in their room because he had a bruised arm. Grant, who was scheduled to pitch the next day, wanted air-conditioned comfort to insure himself of a good night's sleep, so he went to the hotel room clerk and was given another room. Thus Grant was not in his

assigned room when Ermer checked it.

"I gave Ermer my oath that it happened just that way," Grant said.

Ermer seemed unperturbed. "He's asked to be traded before," he said.

What did perturb the Minnesota manager was the team's 6–2 loss to the Yankees, which put the Twins five full games behind the White Sox. "We've been making some fundamental mistakes—Kaat's pitch to Mantle, for instance—and we will have to stop making them. Our pitching has been all right, but we have been scratching for runs. Lately we haven't been able to get one lucky hit, not one damned blooper. Even so, we should be in this race all the way."

In Boston it was like New Year's Eve. Standing at the entrance to the Red Sox dressing room, Yastrzemski clapped teammates on the back as they trotted past. A few minutes earlier the Red Sox had gone into the ninth inning trailing the Angels 5–2, but a two-run home run by Joe Foy and another home run by Tony Conigliaro had tied the game. In the 10th the Red Sox had wrapped it up. Now the Boston players were feasting on watermelon, cold cuts and beer, a regular party.

In his office Manager Dick Williams shook his head. "This team just doesn't quit," he said, almost in wonder. "I've never seen a team with an average age of 24 so loose."

Out in the locker room Pitcher Gary Bell nodded toward Conigliaro. "That Conig is something," Bell said. "During the game, he told me 'We'll get him [Pitcher Jim McGlothlin, who was working on a three-hitter], and in the ninth I'll hit him for a homer. And if he's not in there [he wasn't] I'll hit it off whoever is [Bill Kelso]."

Over in the Angels' dressing room the door was open, at least, but there was no noise. "The Red Sox broke my winning streak last night," Rigney muttered, "but today they broke my heart."

In Baltimore the Tigers' clubhouse attendant wheeled a grocery cart past the mezzanine stands in search of a load of beer for the players' postgame relaxation. "The guys aren't particular," he said. "We usually give them the sponsor's beer. It's free."

The beer was the second gift of the night for the Tigers. The first was the ball game, which they won 4–0 behind Denny McLain, who is beginning to look like the 20-game winner of last season. The Orioles made it easy, committing several mental errors. Even Brooks Robinson was guilty, tagging a runner on a force play. Looking ahead to the Tigers' four-game series with the White Sox, Manager Mayo Smith said: "Sure, we've got to take three out of four to make a dent in their lead, but it's not the end of the world if we don't. There's still a lot of season left."

Again there was rain in Chicago, and again the game was stopped in the third inning. Stanky was depressed. Now he had used up two pitchers for no games and, with Tommy John on the disabled list, he was already short of pitchers. But at least he was still in first place.

FRIDAY, JULY 28

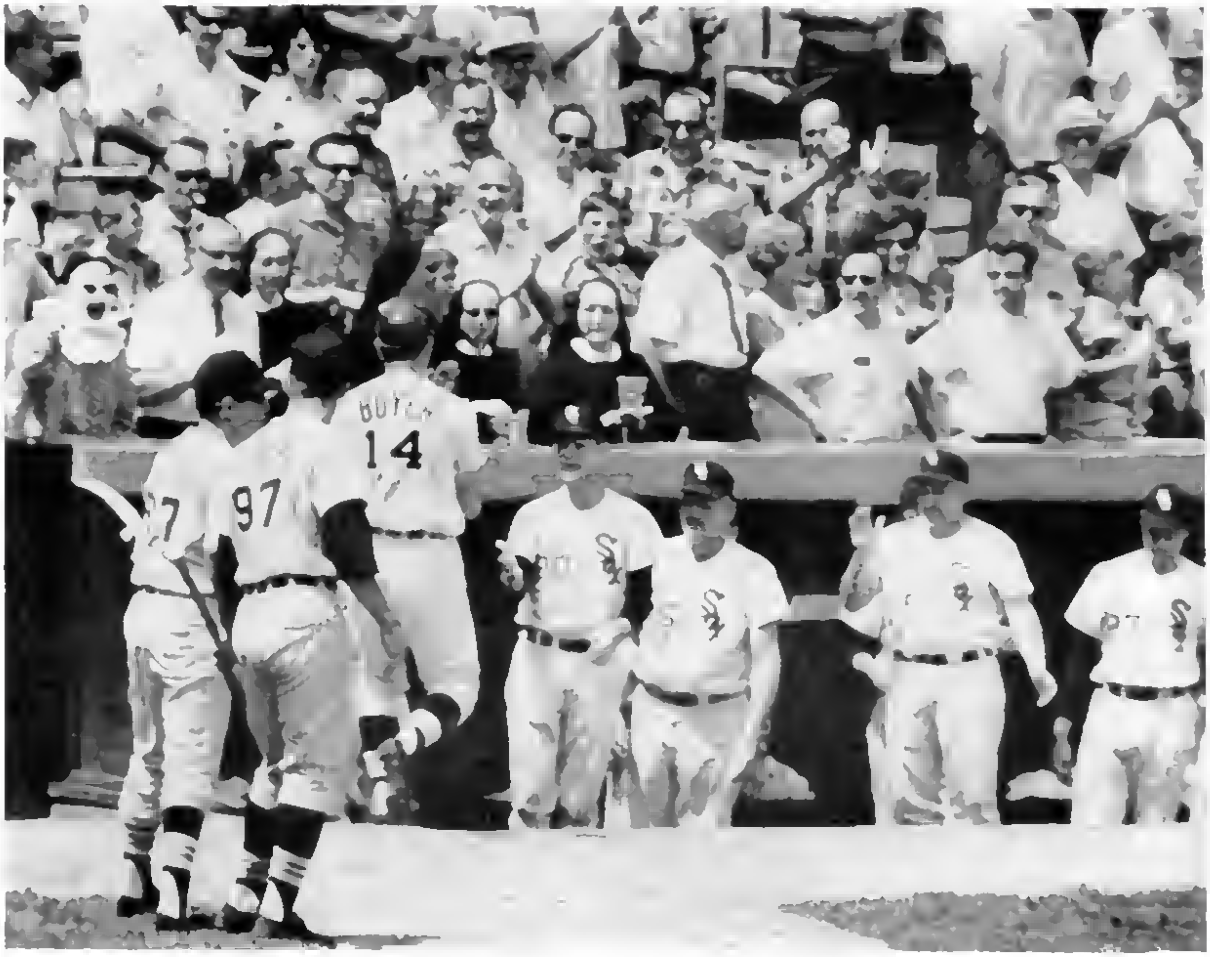
After two days of rain the weather in Chicago was beautiful for the opening of the series between the White Sox and the Tigers. Al Kaline was back in the lineup and, although he had no hits, the Tigers didn't mind, beating the Sox, and Gary Peters, 7–4.

Earl Wilson won his 13th game for the Tigers, but he needed relief from young Mike Marshall, a 24-year-old converted shortstop who a year ago was pitching in Montgomery. In the off season Marshall has been attending Michigan State, studying child growth and development. His thesis for his Masters and also for his Ph.D. is *The Sexual Maturation of the Male*.

Eddie Stanky, who got his own particular kind of Ph.D. in the minor leagues years ago, was not depressed, even though his Sox made four errors. "Despite all the errors, confusion, a 24-man roster, a slump, all the talk about us

continued

Keeper of The Thing, Jim Fregosi, swoops in from shortstop to make a graceful throw to first.



Congratulated by new teammates, old National Leaguer Ken Boyer returns to Chicago bench after hitting two-run homer against the Tigers.

being a dull ball club, we're still in first place."

Rain in Boston delayed the start of the Red Sox-Twin game, so Foy entertained his teammates with a football story. "We had this one guy carrying the ball," said Foy, "and he got racked up pretty good by three linebackers. He came back to the huddle kinda wobbly, so the quarterback tells him they're gonna run the same play, only he's faking and the other halfback's carrying. The guy fakes real nice, and then he sees these same three linebackers coming at him again. So he throws up his hands and yells 'Fake, fake. See, I don't have the ball.' "

That was about the last bit of laughter from the Red Sox all night. The Twins, dead for so long, scored seven runs in the fourth inning to put away the game. Even Dean Chance got a hit, his first in 78 consecutive times at bat, an intended sacrifice bunt that no one could field. The victim of the Twin bombardment was Jim Lonborg, the Sox's 14-game winner. When the game was over he packed his bag and headed off for two weeks of military duty, one of a score of players on the contending teams to have done so.

The Angels, hoping to win again after the two disheartening losses to the Red Sox, arrived early at D.C. Stadium in Washington. Moose Skowron, Jim Fregosi and Don Mincher settled down to a game of crazy eights. Bobby Knoop, the second baseman, sat at the same table playing solitaire. "Anybody plays crazy eights is crazy," Knoop said. "Anyway, I'm a loner. I hate people."

"People hate you," said Fregosi, Knoop's roommate. "You're a miserable person."

The Angels' starting pitcher, Jack Hamilton, had awakened in the morning with a case of laryngitis and was unable to say a word all day. Leading 2–0 in the second inning, he was about to pitch to Mike Epstein when both Washington coaches began yelling and whistling at him, claiming spitball. Manager Gil Hodges, who had complained about Hamilton earlier this season (SI, July 31), bolted from the dugout and jawed with Plate Umpire Jim Odom. Rigney came out to defend his pitcher, and it was 10 minutes before the game resumed. All that time Hamilton, with no voice to defend himself, could only stand there. The spitball allegations continued for six innings, until Hamilton, now losing 3–2, was removed by Rigney. Angel relievers gave up five runs the next inning, and that was the game. Afterward Fregosi looked at The Thing hang-

ing in his cubicle. "Thing," he said, "you're getting the hell kicked out of you lately."

SATURDAY, JULY 29

Despite their three straight losses, the Angels were still in a carefree mood before the afternoon game with the fast-improving Senators. Moose Skowron kidded his former teammate Tony Kubek, now a TV announcer. "With all the baseball you should have picked up playing on my team, you're really bad," Skowron told him. Fregosi did a tape for a Stay in School campaign. "This is Jimmy Fregosi of the California Angels," he said. "Kids, trying to get a job without a high school diploma is like trying to steal home with your shoelaces tied together. So stay in school, you little brats." As the radio men blanched, Fregosi howled with laughter and then did it over, straight.

A few hours later even Fregosi had stopped laughing, for the Angels had lost their fourth straight and a tough one, at that. "I am not in a very good mood to answer any silly questions," said Rigney, after keeping everyone out of the locker room for 20 minutes. The Angels, now four and a half games behind Chicago, were themselves only four games ahead of the charging Senators.

The largest Fenway Park crowd in 11 years—35,469—showed up to watch the Red Sox play a twi-night doubleheader with the Twins. During batting practice Coach Jim Lemon offered some advice to Tony Oliva, Minnesota's two-time batting champion whose average this year is only .254. "Try standing up straighter," said Lemon.

"I can't," replied Oliva. "I always bat with my feet apart, and I can't do that."

"Your feet have nothing to do with it," said Lemon.

Oliva looked at Lemon, shrugged and walked away.

In the first game Oliva, using the same old stance, hit a home run, but the Red Sox again came from behind to win, scoring four runs in the eighth inning. In the second game Oliva hit another home run, as did a flock of other Twins, including Harmon Killebrew, who got No. 31. After six innings Minnesota had scored 10 runs, and even the Red Sox were not able to rally from that.

In Chicago the game had reached the ninth inning, and again the Tigers were threatening. Detroit had made 14 hits to the White Sox's five, yet the score was 4–3 Chicago, thanks in part to a two-run homer by Ken Boyer, recently acquired from the Mets. But now there were Tiger runners on first and third with no one out as Stanky called for Reliever Don McMahon. The first batter McMahon had to face was Bill Freehan, the American League's All-Star Game catcher. The White Sox infield played back, ready to concede the tying run for a double play, but Freehan did the worst possible thing—he struck out. Now came the most critical play of the game. Norm Cash swung at the first pitch and lifted a fly ball down the line in right field. Chicago's Jim King ran to his left, caught the ball, turned and threw home. At third base, Al Kaline, who had made three hits in the game, broke for the plate and then stopped. The throw from King came in on one hop about two feet up the third-base line, bounced off Catcher Gerry McNertney's glove and rolled a few feet away. But Kaline was in no position to score. Seconds later McMahon got Mickey Stanley to pop up, and the White Sox had a good win.

Should Kaline have been sent home on the fly ball? The Tigers maintained that the ball was not deep enough and that, naturally, there was no way of knowing that the throw would get away from the catcher. Yet it is a fact of baseball that aggressive teams force errors, win games and pennants. Chances are good that Eddie Stanky, if he had been the third-base coach, would have sent Kaline home.

Even as King was accepting congratulations for his throw, the White Sox were announcing that he had been traded to Cleveland for none other than the Rock himself, Rocky Colavito. Rocky, the announcement said, was due in town for Sunday's big doubleheader.

SUNDAY, JULY 30

"Some weekend," said Rod Carew, Minnesota's second baseman, who had arrived in Boston at 1:30 in the morning after two days of military duty in Minneapolis.

"Don't feel bad," Coach Billy Martin told him. "I was drafted twice."

"They drafted you twice?" Earl Battey asked. "No way they could have made that mistake twice."

Jerry Adair, an infielder, was discussing the difference between his former manager, Stanky, and his current one, Dick Williams. "Stanky, well, let's just say he's different," he said. "Before the season he wrote a message on a blackboard that was something like: 'From now until the end of the season you belong to me.' Williams makes you feel more at ease."

For the fourth time in the week the Red Sox came on strong in the late innings, scoring one in the eighth and four in the ninth, but the Twins won 7–5. Rod Carew may have been tired from his military duties, but he still managed to get four hits, one of them a home run. Killebrew also had another homer. It looked as though the Minnesota hitting famine was over.

"Where's my Rock," shouted Stanky as he came out of his office in Chicago. Colavito had arrived too late to take batting practice, so he went through his own self-prescribed limbering-up exercises in the clubhouse. "Now that we have Boyer and Colavito, maybe teams will look at us in a different way," said Stanky.

The White Sox's business manager, Rudie Schaffer, asked Stanky if he had any objections to using a snowmobile to cart in relief pitchers. "No," said Stanky, "but I hope we don't *have* to use it."

They didn't in the first game. Joe Horlen pitched a four-hitter as the Sox won 4–1. But in the second the snowmobile got a road test as the White Sox used two relievers in a futile attempt to stem the Detroit attack. The Tigers scored five runs in the third inning to win easily 7–1. They had failed to win three out of four as they had hoped but, as Mayo Smith had said, it was not the end of the world. Kaline was back and hitting, and there were plenty of games left. As for Eddie Stanky—vigilant, defiant Eddie Stanky—he was in first place by an even greater margin than he had had at the start of the week, and he in no way looked like a drowning man.

For the Angels, the week was turning into a nightmare. In the first game of a doubleheader the Senators scored 11 times to run Rigney's losing streak to five. But in the second game the frustrated Angels struck for nine runs in the seventh inning to win at last. Packing for the trip to New York, Jim Fregosi decided to take his doll along. As he had said, The Thing had gotten the hell kicked out of it all week, but you couldn't leave it behind. **END**

THE WINNING WAYS OF WINNIPEG

The U.S. took most of the medals as the Pan-Am Games got under way, and in women's gymnastics never looked better. But the pride of the Canadians was a home-grown girl who twice struck gold **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Winnipeg is a conservative town. It sits out there among all that fine prairie wheat (Manitoba No. 1 Hard) hundreds of miles from anything its size, right in the middle of the wide, flat underbelly of Canada. It keeps a conservative grip on itself. People from Winnipeg pour vinegar on their french fries to cut the grease, and at 6.30 p.m. they close the beer parlors for an hour so Father will be sure to make it home for dinner.

"Try to blow a hundred bucks in an evening on the town in Winnipeg," said a man from Montreal. "It's impossible." A locally published booklet describes the city as having no race problems, no French question and a population of extraordinary charity. If these seem idle boasts, consider what happened last week when there was a call for help to run the Pan-American Games. With nothing to hate, 5,000 Winnipeggers, as they are called, volunteered. Mothers who scarcely knew their way past the supermarket were driving official cars. Prominent judges were scoring soccer matches and tending flags. Unsophisticated in the ways of modern labor, striking carpenters came back to install seats at the new swimming pool.

This is the year of Canada's 100th birthday, and every city in every province is asked to have a project to commemorate the centennial. There is one western town that, for its project, built a new sewer system. When the sewer was finished everyhody brought his outdoor privy down to the center of town for a great bonfire.

Winnipeggers had no need to fool around with that sort of improvement, for Winnipeg is already modern enough. Its avenues are wider and its neighborhoods cleaner than most American cities of its size. Its buildings are sound, if architecturally uninspired, done low to the ground as though scrunched down for protection against the winter winds. Jim Coleman, a Canadian columnist, says Winnipeg is nine months winter and three months bad skating.

But it is not yet winter in Winnipeg. Not until next month or next Friday or so. The city that less than a century ago was a fur-trading post known as Fort Garry was alive and throbbing last week with its birthday offering for Canada, the fifth Pan-American Games, and extraordinary charity was at work all over town. For example, a visitor from the U.S. was called into conversation with a man at the next table in Pierre's restaurant on Portage Avenue. The man said he was an automobile dealer. Before they were finished he had invited the visitor to pick a car to use while he was in town, free of charge.

Winnipeggers have ballet and symphony and repertory theater—they think of themselves as the cultural midriff of Canada—and the public library has a marquee just like a movie house. But the masses generally settle for U.S. television and movies, trips to the Assiniboine Zoo and the Winnipeg Grain Exchange. They have never had anything to compare with the entertainment scope of the Pan-Am Games. According to James Daly, the executive director, he secured the games for Winnipeg by showing movies of the crowds at exhibition baseball (the St. Louis Cardinals came one year) and bingo games.

Every available facility in Winnipeg was put into use for the 3,000 competing athletes from 26 countries, and Winnipeggers, hungry for action, swarmed in. Even for preliminaries they jammed the beautiful new $2.7 million pool, the largest swimming facility in Canada. They watched with awe as American boys too young to shave and American girls too young to date set records, beginning for the U.S. what is sure to be the most extravagant accumulation of medals in the 16-year history of the games. And they watched with foot-stomping patriotic delectation as their own Elaine Tanner, herself just 16, broke two world records.

They jammed the St. James Arena, too, for the gymnastic competition, applauding as if they knew what it was all about in a sport about as easy to keep score on as Russian ballet. In the end they forced a move of the gymnastic competition to the larger Winnipeg Arena where, on the final night, there was a standing-room-only crowd of 10,000, as the U.S.'s Mark Cohn, a magna cum laude graduate of Temple University, won the side horse, and Linda Jo Metheny, a 19-year-old University of Illinois physical-education major, won four gold medals in her shocking fuchsia tights. A case could be made that the popularity of gymnastics was attributable primarily to the symmetry of the gymnasts and the uniforms they wore, which were nothing

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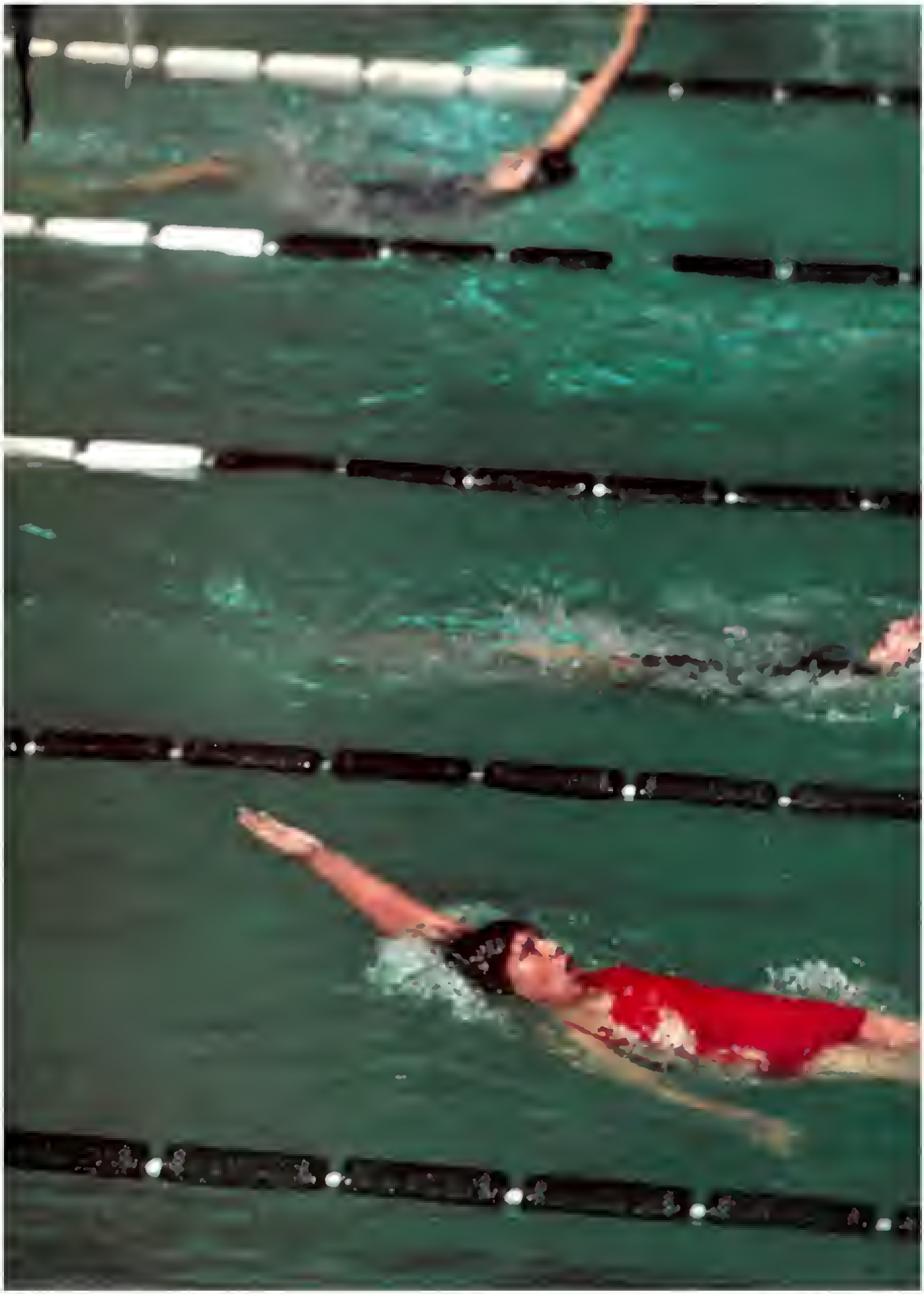
Exultant after sweeping the side-horse vault are U.S. gymnasts Linda Jo Metheny (center), the winner, Donna Scheenzer (left) and Marie Walther



much. A case could even be made that women's gymnastics was the closest thing to a girly show old Winnipeg had ever offered. But that would reflect on a vastly improved American team that won 11 gold medals, five by the men. It would reflect, too, upon Canada's beautiful Susan McDonnell, who bawled her pretty eyes out after winning her event, the uneven bars.

The games were barely started before officials hastened to revise projected estimates of total receipts. The original pessimistic figure of $400,000 was doubled. Soon Mayor Stephen Juha was talking about getting a committee together to put in a bid for the 1976 Olympic Games. A nice enthusiasm, that, but not a practical one for a town of only half a million people and a spotty economy (the wheat crop this summer has been cut sharply by drought).

It is, in the end, a matter of knowing just how far to go, like the girl who showed up at the Canada-Cuba baseball game on the fifth day of the games wearing a flowery bikini under a transparent shirt. Somewhat self-conscious, she thought it necessary to explain to an admiring U.S. athlete that ordinarily she would not be so bold but "everything has changed so much in Winnipeg since the games started." The boy suggested they continue the discussion at dinner, seeing as how he wasn't competing until next week. The girl asked if he was Jewish. There is a large Jewish population in Winnipeg. No, he said, he was not Jewish. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I'm Jewish and I'm afraid I haven't become that liberal."

The games began in a bathtub, Prince Philip, fresh from sunny England, standing in water up to his ankles in Winnipeg Stadium, his head bare to the gray rain. The 20,000 others hanging in there with him through the opening ceremonies laughed when he told them that the army corporal and Scotland Yard man who accompanied him considered the conditions fine. The rain, sadly, did not stop until the ceremonies were over.

The U.S. gold rush began the next day when a 29-year-old Army staff sergeant from Columbus, Ga., Hershel Anderson, won the medal in free-pistol competition. By the end of the first week the U.S. had 101 medals (to second-place Canada's 35), 52 of them gold (to Mexico's 19). Nothing unusual, except that Lieut. Margaret Thompson of the U.S. Army became the first woman to win a Pan-Am gold medal for shooting.

The U.S. wrestling team made its third-straight Pan-Am sweep, winning gold medals in all eight classes. Among the winners was light heavyweight Harry Houska, who pinned every man he wrestled and handled Cuba's Juan Ortiz Caballero Ortiz like a rag doll in the final. Middleweight Lieut. R. Wayne Baughman wrestled with an injured shoulder and torn rib cartilage and still beat Canada's Ed Millard for the title.

U.S. domination of the swimming events was as complete. Launched in age-group programs before they could tie their shoes, the amazing U.S. kid swimmers included girls who had to tie strings across the straps of their suits to keep them up. They included kids, too, who were talking retirement before they were half through their teen years.

As a comforting note to the aged, Don Schollander was there to compete, too, a tottering old man of 21. Schollander is at Yale now. He won four gold medals in Tokyo in 1964 and he still holds four world records. He says he is probably a faster, stronger and smarter swimmer than he ever was, but he has other interests now that he has been a Yalie for a while. He competed in only two events at Winnipeg, he helped the 400-yard freestyle relay team win, and then he lowered his world record in the 200-meter freestyle to 1.56.0.

Schollander is an exception in competitive swimming, where records go out with such astonishing quickness, disappearing even faster than the kids themselves. There were few at Winnipeg besides Schollander who will have to be reckoned with later, but Mark Spitz is one. Son of an ex-lifeguard and swimming since he was 9, this 17-year-old high schooler from Santa Clara, Calif. set a world record in the 200-meter butterfly (2:06.4) and already had a pending mark in the 100-meter butterfly.

Another American with a busy future is blonde Debbie Meyer, 14, from Sacramento. Too young to hold hands but plenty old enough to swim the hours away, Debbie swam like there were two of her. She set a world record in the 400-meter freestyle (4.32.6) and was especially brutal in the 800, where she knocked 14 seconds off the world mark.

The princess of the swimming competition in Winnipeg, however, was a 5′ 3″ Canadian named Elaine Tanner. A gradually reforming tomboy who used to get her hands injured playing football and handball with the boys, Miss Tanner got to be known as "Mighty Mouse." Grandmother did not approve. "A mouse is a mouse is a mouse," said her grandmother. But now a mouse is a Canadian heroine.

Elaine beat U.S. girls in setting world records in both backstroke events. She started out swimming the backstroke by accident. Her father, a lithographer, would say, "Let's see you swim that funny stroke, Elaine," and she would do it. Elaine, who giggles a lot, backed out of the chance to recite the oath for the team at the opening ceremonies, fearful she would mess up, but ultimately she was the biggest item of attention in the games. Winnipeggers were not only seeing world records, they were seeing them set by a Canadian, which was double the pleasure. She was swamped by requests for interviews and autographs and pictures and she complied. "She is so nice, so sweet and so perfect it's nauseating," said a photographer from Vancouver. Eventually Elaine lost in her specialty, the 100-meter butterfly, to the U.S.'s Ellie Daniel, but that did not diminish the glow. Elaine Tanner was the biggest thing in Canada.

Chris Lang, a Winnipeg bank executive, analyzed it for friends one night at a restaurant called Hy's Steak Loft. "If we could bottle Elaine Tanner," he said, holding up a fork, "we could make a million dollars, just like the man in the paper said. Everybody identifies with her now. Everybody will say 10 years from now they saw her do it. Nothing like this ever happened to Winnipeg before. And think how much better an influence she will be on kids than Beatles or Monkees."

Meanwhile, in team competition the U.S. was showing the results of increased effort in those sports in which it hopes to become a contender at the 1968 Olympic Games at Mexico City. In water polo, for instance, a fast and

continued

Lapping two others on her way to a record win in the 200-meter backstroke, Canada's Elaine Tanner glides to finish in Winnipeg's huge new pool.

highly strategic game when played properly, the U.S., with its more aggressive and faster swimming, upset favored Brazil 4–3 and stayed unbeaten through the first week of play. The team was led by a 6′ 5″, 210-pound goalie and U.S. Air Force technical sergeant from The Netherlands named Anton Van Dorp who once played on the Dutch national team. In the water, his mustache flourished so that he looked like Keenan Wynn taking a bath. He was able to keep his upper body above the surface for periods that seemed almost incredible as he prepared to intercept shots.

The U.S. girls' volleyball team was also unbeaten in the first week. Coached for two years by Harlan Cohen—who at 5′ 9″ was shorter than many of the girls on his team and lighter than a few—it bore no resemblance to the ragtag outfit that competed in Tokyo in 1964. And the girls also looked better as girls.

There was much praise for Canada as the games moved nicely through the first week. Incidents were rare among athletes, but surely there has never been competition as widely divergent as this that did not have difficulties. Ironically, the home team had more than its share. Four members of the Canadian baseball team were ruled ineligible as professionalism, inspiring a rush of journalese on the proposition: Just what is an amateur, Harry? An assistant Canadian track coach pleaded guilty ($50 fine) to stealing a flag off a pole at Kenaston Boulevard. It was no more than others were doing, at the end of the first week the flag theft count was nearing 100. A couple of kids even stole the official Olympic flag but, after being tormented by a shaming editorial, they returned it to the Winnipeg *Tribune* sports editor. A Canadian basketball player was said to have kicked a Mexican in the face, but the kicker called it mere retaliation for an earlier indiscretion on the part of the kickee. In soccer, that always inflammatory sport, there was some kicking done to the referee in the Colombia-

Champion Mark Cohn of the U.S. swings in perfect harmony off the side horse during the finals at the Winnipeg Arena. Earlier (right) Mexican and

Mexico match and an Argentine was ejected after he kicked a Colombian right in the 26th minute. Interestingly, the only complaints from the Cubans, who could have hoped for a better fate against Mexico's water polo team—they lost 3-2—came all the way from Havana, where newspapers blamed a U.S. referee for a loss to Mexico in basketball. The paper identified the referee only as Roger, and under a headline that said: CUBA VICTIM OF REFEREEING, it reported that Roger "showed his animosity." The Cubans, apparently, lost the water-polo match on their own.

From a U.S. standpoint the only regrettable words were those spoken by Arthur Ashe, who opened his mouth wide enough to fit his tennis shoe inside when he complained at being seeded No. 5. He thought the seeds were "damn silly" and that he should have been No. 1. Ashe's remarks made all the papers and they were most unfortunate because he then went out and got whipped by Brazil's Tom Koch in the semifinals. Koch was seeded No. 1.

In competition U.S. and Cuban athletes showed more maturity than the Cuban press. There was a moment when the captain of the Cuban girls' basketball team, angered at fouling out of the game, refused to shake hands with the U.S. captain as she stalked off the court (the U.S. was winning). Later, her Cuban good nature returned, and she went down the United States bench shaking hands. The U.S. baseball team lost twice to the Cubans without incident.

Medical examinations were taken as a matter of course to prove that all the girls in camp were really girls, and at night at the cabaret in the Pan-Am village the boys got a chance to take advantage of that fact. A few of the U.S. swimmers ran into some of the local talent at a movie and were invited to a love-in in the park in front of the Parliament Building. They weren't impressed. "It was ridiculous," said one ancient teenager. "Nothing but 14-year-olds." END

Cuban swimmers thrashed away at each other in a grimly-fought water-polo match that Mexico won 3-2, without, for a change, a protest from Cuba.

Tired and sick, an aging Willie Mays struggles to finish a season that has already lasted too long

SAY HEY NO MORE

by ***MARK MULVOY***

Sitting there in the Giant clubhouse in Candlestick Park, Willie Mays looked old and sick. His eyes were like road maps—Route 1 from San Francisco to Santa Cruz—and the circles beneath them said that Willie does not sleep too well at night anymore. His voice was somewhat muffled and restrained—the vigorous "Say hey" is only a memory. There still was an hour before the start of the game with the Philadelphia Phillies, and most of the Giants were shooting pool in the back room or signing baseballs or reading mail, but Mays sat in his locker cubicle hunched on a four-legged stool.

"These kid pitchers," Willie was saying, "they're all so big and strong and throw the ball so hard they make you feel old too soon." Gary Nolan of the Cincinnati Reds, who is just 19 years old, had struck out Mays, who is 36, four times in one game. Bill Singer of the Dodgers, who was just out of kindergarten when Mays was playing center field for the New York Giants in the 1951 World Series, did it three times in one night. Then, a few weeks later, he struck out Mays in the first inning, and suddenly Willie left the game complaining of a cold.

Ferguson Jenkins of the Chicago Cubs knocked Mays down with a fast ball tight to his chin. Willie jumped up and glared menacingly at the young pitcher, and he dug in to get a firmer stance. There had been a time when everyone knew what was going to happen next. But now, when Jenkins threw again, Willie backed away—like a Little Leaguer bailing out the first time he sees a curve ball. The pitch was across the outside corner. Willie swung and missed. He stepped over the plate and walked head down to the Giant dugout. The next inning, complaining that he felt sick again, Mays left the game.

"I still feel sick. I know it," he said last week. "I had the flu, you know, and I just got out of the hospital. The doctor says I could have a relapse at any time. You're not seeing me at my best. If in September I see we're out of the race and can't finish in the money I think I'll go to Herman and tell him that maybe I should stop playing and get myself ready for next year."

Since it seems highly improbable that the Giants will be actively involved in the National League pennant race this September, Mays most likely will be able to get an early start for Acapulco or Europe and the long vacation his doctors have prescribed. "I just want to forget all about this year," he says, "because I've never had a year like it before—it's the first year I've really been sick—and I don't want to have another one like it again. Ever."

The type of season that Mays has endured so far is reflected not only in the statistics but also in his actions on the field and in the words of Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch, who says succinctly, "Willie Mays is not Willie Mays four times a game anymore." Mays is hitting in the .280s, but the long ball comes with increasing irregularity. He has hit only 13 home runs this year after hitting 37 last season and 52 in 1965. In a private batting-practice session one night last week, facing a plump left-hander who probably pitches in the San Francisco Park League, Mays did not hit one home run in 20 minutes. He left the batting cage disgusted.

On the field Willie still runs from under his baseball cap—but not as fast as he used to—and he still catches fly balls with his glove open and practically resting on his left hip. "I don't think I've slipped in the outfield," he says, but now every so often someone hits a triple over his head.

It was quite apparent at the All-Star Game in Anaheim last month that there was something wrong with Mays. "He looked tired and weak and sick," says Ernie Banks of the Cubs, "and he told me that was just how he felt." The following Thursday, playing against the Houston Astros in Candlestick Park, Willie went hitless in four at bats and looked at a called third strike from Bo Belinsky. Left-handers like Belinsky don't throw called third strikes past hitters like Willie Mays. The next evening Willie struck out twice and played poorly in the field. The Giants sent him to St. Mary's Hospital.

"I just stayed in bed until Monday," Mays said, "and then the doctors gave me a complete examination. They said I had had the flu for about 10 days and should've been resting all that time." The doctors originally decided not to permit Willie to play for at least a week, but four days later he was released from the hospital. In San Francisco it was announced that Willie would rejoin the Giants on Friday in Chicago and that he had doctor's orders to take it easy and play only six or seven innings a game until he once more felt perfectly fit physically.

For Mays it was a testy weekend in Chicago. On Friday, during batting practice, a reporter asked Mays if he could talk to him for a second. "I ain't got nothing to say," said Mays. The reporter mentioned that the doctors said they had been checking Willie's eyes. Mays snapped back, "There ain't nothing wrong with my eyes. I was just sick—sick for 10 days." Then Herman Franks, the Giant manager, stepped over and said, "What are

continued

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you doing? Trying to get him all upset?"

Willie was in the starting lineup that afternoon, but it was expected that he would play only a few innings and then retire for the day. However, the Cubs and Giants went on to play 12 innings in very humid weather—and Mays played all 12. The next afternoon it was just as humid, and again Mays played the entire game. It was inconceivable that a player just out of the hospital and with orders to take it easy would play 21 innings in two days.

"I can't think just of myself," said Mays. "A lot of guys on this club don't make too much money, and I've got to think of them. If they can make money for finishing in fourth place, then I've got to help them make it. I am getting paid a lot of money to play baseball, so I think I've got to go out and play. The Giants need me. It might be bad to think like this, to be playing when I'm not really ready to play. I don't know. But when the club's losing I feel I have to do something.

"I've been the guy on the Giants who's supposed to do so much. Just like Mickey in New York. For 14 years we've been the big guys. We got to play because the big guys are supposed to get the big hits and pick up the club. If the Giants were winning, then maybe it would be different. But they're losing, and I think they need me. As long as they know I'm not going to dog it, as long as they understand that, that's what I want."

On Sunday afternoon, however, when the Giants—who had just lost seven of their last 10 games—and the Cubs were playing a doubleheader, Mays played only four innings of the first game. Jenkins knocked him down and then struck him out, and the next inning Mays, incensed, left the game and did not play again the rest of the afternoon.

It has been Mays's contention the past few years that the Giant pitchers do not protect him against opposing pitchers who constantly brush him back. Leo Durocher, who was Mays's first manager in the major leagues, theorized that you answer a brush-back pitch with a similar pitch against the opposition's most respected hitter. Bill Rigney, who succeeded Durocher when the Giants were still in New York, agreed with Durocher's philosophy for the most part. When Alvin Dark took over, he had his pitchers retaliate for a knockdown with a similar tactic against the opposing pitcher. But under Herman Franks the Giants have no official retaliatory tactic, and this irritates Mays, who is, of course, a frequent target for high, inside pitches.

Last year Mays had words with one of his own pitchers, Juan Marichal, on opening day. The Cubs were playing under Leo Durocher for the first time, and Chicago Pitcher Bill Faul knocked Mays down. Mays was infuriated. Marichal, who had been involved in a beanball incident with John Roseboro and the Dodgers toward the end of the 1965 season, felt he could not afford to respond with a knockdown pitch, although he did lob a high floater over Ernie Banks's head.

In the dugout Mays asked Marichal why he had not sent Banks down.

"Banks is a nice guy," answered Marichal.

"Well, so am I," said Mays.

After Jenkins knocked him down in Chicago, Mays again wanted the Giant pitcher, who happened to be left-hander Mike McCormick, to send Jenkins down in turn. But McCormick, who had to go nine innings that day because the Giant bullpen was bare, reasoned that it would be too obvious for a left-handed pitcher to knock a right-handed hitter down.

ONCE WILLIE DID NOT FLUB GROUNDERS

and, furthermore, he did not want to risk any pitch that might disrupt his rhythm and prevent him from continuing the game with a five-run lead.

"I've got to be protected," says Mays. "I tell that to all my pitchers. I think you get back at their pitchers—not their big hitters, because then the umpires will step right in and give their warnings and right away it's all over and they stop it. Knockdowns are baseball, I know. But you can't knock someone down three or four times and never worry about getting knocked down yourself. We don't knock anyone down."

The Giants returned to San Francisco after splitting the doubleheader with the Cubs. Mays arrived at Candlestick Park for a private batting session before the Giants played the New York Mets on Tuesday night, and then he played all nine innings—crashing into the right-center-field fence in the top of the ninth in a futile attempt to catch a fly ball that drove in two runs. "I've never crashed into too many fences," he said, looking at the bruises on his side. The next afternoon he quit after five innings when the Mets had a 9–3 lead.

Because of the cold and windy weather that strikes San Francisco every afternoon around 3 o'clock, the Giants schedule mostly 1 p.m. games when they are at home. Even then, the last two or three innings are usually played in the chilly gusts that come off the Bay.

"These day games after a night game, all these day games, I don't like them," says Mays. "I'd like to play all night baseball—like the Dodger schedule. Some guys can go 0 for 4 the way I have and lose the way the Giants have and then go home and sleep. Not me. I worry. They pay me to win, and when I don't win I worry and don't sleep. When I finally get to sleep it's time to get up and come to the ball park for an afternoon game."

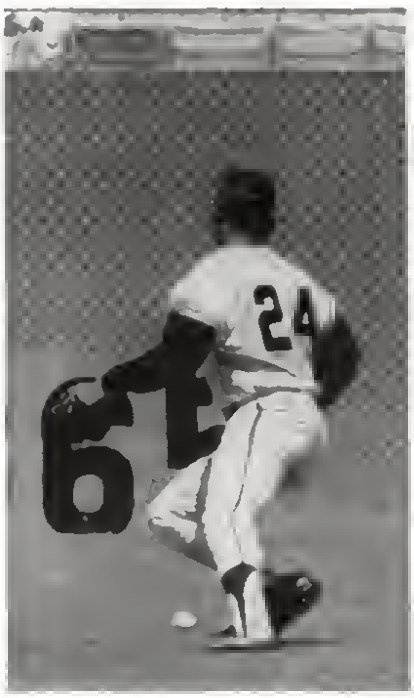
Because of his attack of the flu and his inability to sleep these past few weeks, Mays has lost weight—about eight or 10 pounds. Some people, including medical men, think Willie should eat more than he does, but he disputes their reasoning that the more you eat the more weight you will put on.

"I have two meals a day," he says, "and I make myself eat both of them. Three or four eggs, ham or bacon, orange juice and toast in the morning, and then meat—most likely steak—and maybe some salad later. I know my own body. I know how much I can eat. I go to medical people when I'm hurt or sick. They don't know how I should eat. And as you get older I think you should eat less because it's harder to take the fat off."

Despite all this, Willie has not even thought about retirement. "I'd like to play for a long time more," he said, "but I'll stay around only if I do a good job. I'll have to make some adjustments, maybe bat second and hit more to right field. Maybe I'll have to play left or right so I won't have to run so much. But I won't play first base like Mickey—not for the Giants. If I played first and McCovey went to the outfield, we'd weaken ourselves at two places. They tried him in the outfield before."

It did not take long for Herman Franks to make one of the adjustments that Mays figures is part of old age. Against the Phillies last Friday night Willie batted second for the first time this year, and in the first inning he tried to go to right field for a base hit. He would have had it, too, except that Johnny Callison made a difficult catch going toward the right-field line.

But Willie Mays playing left field or right field? Never. END



BUT ONCE WILLIE WAS NOT 38 AND ILL

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HOW TO HIT GOLF'S BEST SHOT

BY GAY BREWER
WITH MARK MULVOY

The 1967 Masters champion explains the technical and strategic advantages of the fade and shows his method for hitting the controlled left-to-right shot that enabled him to become a winner and can help every amateur

When you stand on the first tee next Saturday, ready to outhit everyone on the golf course, the middle of the fairway may look like an inviting place, but I have a word of advice for you. Don't aim at it. By hitting at the center of the fairway and trying to split the watering-system pipeline you leave yourself only half the fairway as the margin for any error that may occur in your swing. And who has a perfect swing? I haven't seen one yet.

This means that you are left with two alternatives: 1) starting the ball out to the right and hooking it a little or 2) starting it out to the left and fading it back in. In either case you will have the whole fairway as a target for your drive —not just half of it.

The idea that golf is a curve-ball game is hardly new. But the question that now presents itself is which way you should try to curve the ball, and this matter deserves much more thought than it has received in the past.

It has long been assumed that the draw, or the tail-end hook as it used to be called, is the ultimate in tee shots. The reason is that the hook has overspin. When it hits the ground it rolls and rolls, theoretically adding to the distance of the drive. To be sure, some of this rolling is toward the rough and the out-of-bounds fences, but that was a factor the worshipers of the hook were always inclined to ignore. The fade, meanwhile, was for duffers. A gentle shot that bends slightly to the right as it begins to fall, the fade was considered to be what happened when a chronic slicer made a strong effort to hit the ball properly, that is, when he tried to hit a hook.

Right there is the notion that I think every weekend golfer should challenge. It is the hook, not the slice, that has driven more would-be golfers to take up tennis than any shot I know. And it is the fade, the poor maligned fade, that is the best shot in the game. At least, that is my theory, and a lot of touring pros are beginning to agree. Jack Nicklaus, after giving up the fader's swing that had taken him so far, returned to it after he missed the cut at this year's Masters, and he promptly won the U.S. Open. He did not hook one shot in the entire Open, and was proud of it.

I may be more qualified to talk about the hook than most because I played one —a real live one, not just a little draw— for 28 years. About all it won me was a few amateur tournaments around Kentucky when I was a boy, a reputation for being a big hitter and a total of $30,000 in five years on the pro tour, which is barely enough to meet expenses. I do not care to recall all of the times during my early years on the tour that I was among the leaders in a tournament after the second or third round and then hooked myself not only out of contention but out of the money. One example should suffice. In 1956 I was tied for the lead at the Canadian Open after 36 holes and then shot an 80 in the third round by hooking 14 tee shots.

The evils of the hook deserve thorough examination because the benefits of the fade are so easy to state once the hook is recognized for what it is. First, as I said earlier, the hook has overspin, so it rolls. On a good, closely clipped fairway a slight hook might outroll a fade by as much as 20 yards. But how really valuable is the extra distance, except to your ego? Not much, in most cases, because it is not very often that the design of a hole will place great strategic value on 20 extra yards with a tee shot. Added distance is nice, but hardly worthwhile when it involves the risk of getting into serious trouble. Now let us say the fairways are not ideal, or it is August and the course is beginning to burn off. Suddenly, even the best-controlled tail-end hook just keeps rolling to the left until it gets into trouble. The overspin is not an asset. Instead, it is a factor that has left you quite at the mercy of whatever bounces, bumps, twists and turns happen to be in the fairway. This is as true for you, the weekend golfer, as it is for the touring professional.

Another difficulty common to all golfers who hook the ball is that the swing itself is difficult to control. It tends to give way under pressure, and it does not matter if the pressure is the last round of the Masters or a $1 foursome bet on a Sunday morning.

There is a physical reason for this. As the strain of a round increases, every golfer has an instinctive tendency to try to strengthen his grip, to get his hands set more firmly before beginning his backswing. This means that the golfer, unconsciously, is tending to move his left hand more tightly into the right, thus turning the left hand slightly to the right—which increases the possibility of a hook. If the player has been hooking to begin with, he is now in serious difficulty, for he knows he is swinging at every shot with the possibility of pulling it out of bounds.

These are two big problems that the man who fades the ball does not have to worry about. The fade stays put. It has backspin on it, and once it lands that's where it wants to stop. Even at its worst—when the fade turns into a slice and goes curving far to the right—the ball won't reach as much trouble as the corresponding hook would have. And the harder a fader squeezes the grip, the more control he gets.

Finally, there is another advantage to the fade, one that applies especially to weekend golfers. It is almost too obvious to mention, yet it is often overlooked. All golfers agree that iron shots should fade. When a ball is hit into the green it should have backspin on it. But why does the average golfer, who has a limited time to practice, try to play the game with what amounts to two different swings, hooking his woods and fading his irons? How much simpler it should be to hit every shot the same way, fading the five-iron in the classic fashion, and fading the driver, too, even if that is not considered so classic.

The most forceful testimony I can offer concerning the advantages of the fade comes from my own experience, of course. In 1961, my sixth year on the tour, I decided I either had to revamp my swing and get rid of my hook or get off the tour. It took me almost five months to complete the changeover. Bear in mind, however, that I had to get my scoring down to pro-tournament levels —the average golfer can manage the change in a few practice sessions.

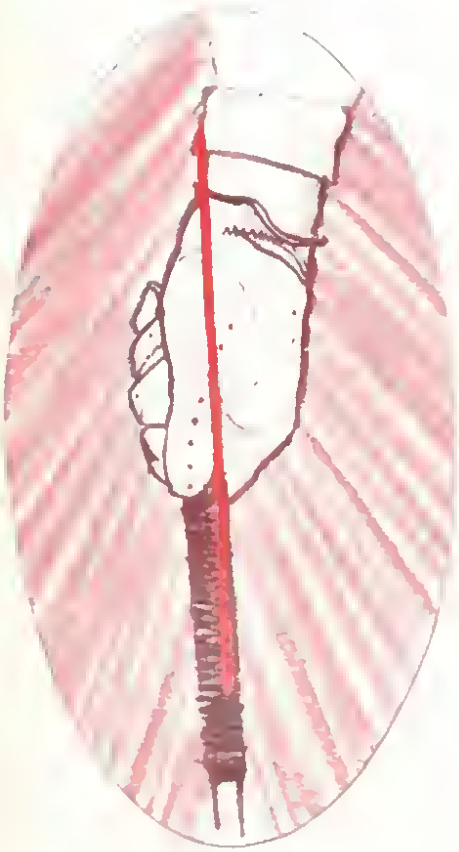
That summer I won my first pro-tour tournament, the Carling Open, and I did it by shooting 66-67 on the last two days, the same rounds I had been blowing up in earlier. I won two more tournaments that year and eventually earned $31,000, almost three times as much as I ever had before. Since then I have averaged $35,000 a year, and I am hoping to top $100,000 this year, all with that nice little fade.

On the following six pages are what I consider to be the fundamentals of a fader's swing. Following these rules will not make you swing the way I do—I have a loop in my backswing that was caused by an injury when I was a boy, and you don't want to copy it—nor will they make you swing the way any other given pro golfer does. Instead, the rules are to be applied to the mechanics of your own swing, and thus enable you to fade the ball while essentially swinging your way. Once you master the fade I am sure you will feel that you, too, are hitting the best shot in golf.

This is the distinctive Brewer loop. It is caused by the need to counteract an old elbow injury and has nothing to do with hitting a fade.

Since there is a basic theory behind most golf instruction that the novice has to be saved from the slice, the majority of weekend players have been taught what is known as the "strong" grip—which simply means the left thumb is on the right side of the club as at right, and the V of the left hand is pointing toward the right shoulder.

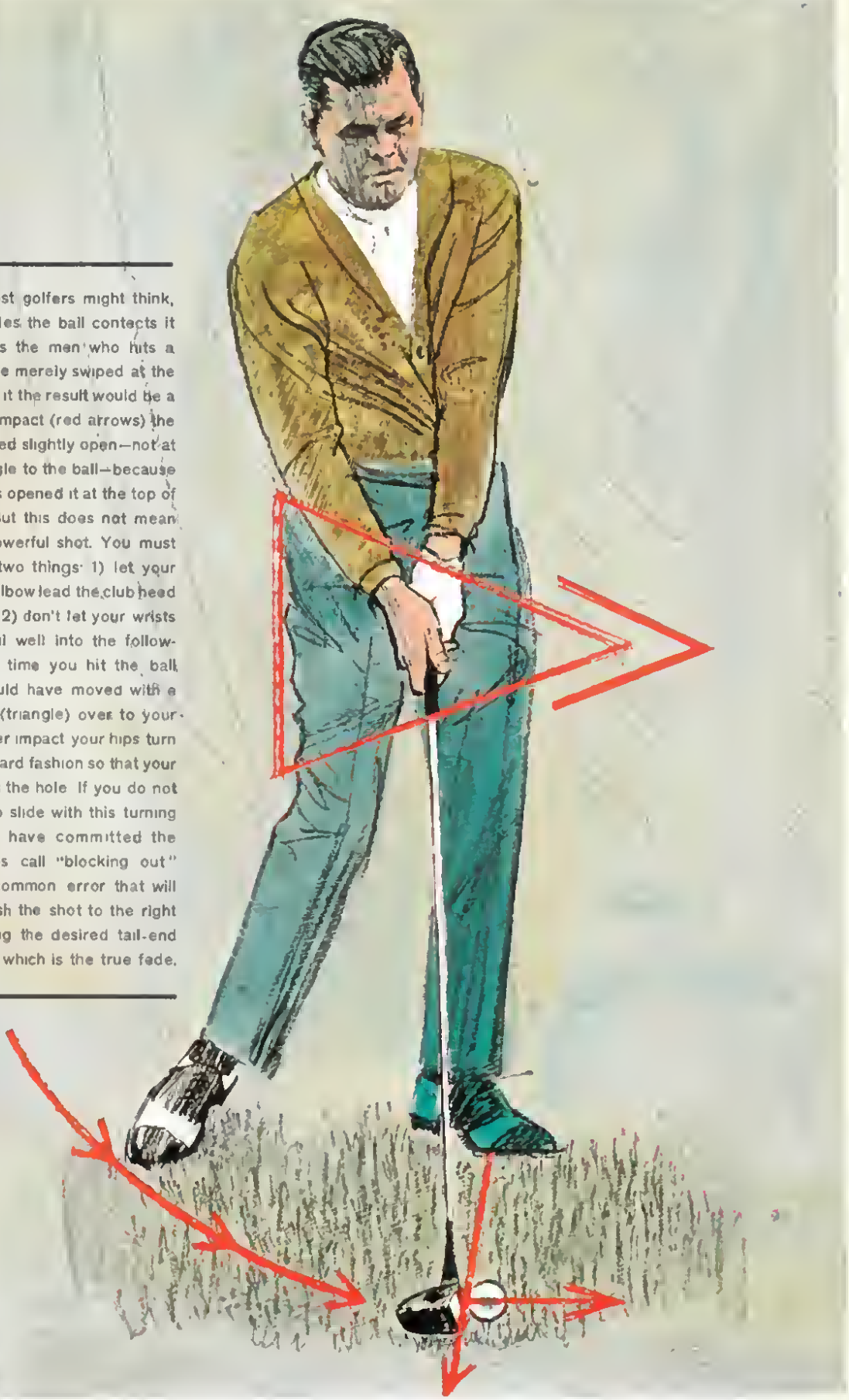
Certain simple adjustments are necessary at address to set yourself up for a fade. The driver is the club that is being used below and at right, but the same principles apply to everything up to the short irons. The ball is played more forward than normal—in the case of the driver, this means it is all the way up off the left toe. The stance is open so that a line drawn from the ball of the right foot through the left toe would point toward the hole. The hands are behind the ball and the face of the club is open, not drastically, but noticeably. Now just before starting the backswing, squeeze the hands on the grip quite tightly and continue this pressure as you swing. This is necessary because the weak grip is harder to control at the top.



But one frequent result of starting with the strong grip is chronic hook trouble. The first move toward hitting the ball with a controlled fade is to develop a "weak" grip. This is achieved by turning the left hand so that the thumb is on top of the shaft as at left and the V points at your nose. A weak grip opens the club at the top of the backswing, setting up a fade. The grip may feel awkward at first so you must give yourself time to get used to it.

The first 12 inches or so of the backswing is the part to concentrate on. After that, assuming your grip is sound, you can even have a Brewer loop and still get into the proper hitting zone at impact. During those first few inches as you start back you must make a small move to close the club face. This is achieved by rolling the right hand ever so slightly to the left (small red arrow), so that the toe of the club turns in. Closing the face is necessary in order to keep the club from opening too much during the backswing. Now, with your left arm perhaps a little more relaxed than you might usually have it, take the club back (solid line) inside the normal backswing arc (dotted line). Only someone as strong as Jack Nicklaus can take the club back on the outside and still fade. As most weekend golfers go back, they turn their hips away from the ball. I am against this, and use a very simple lateral hip slide (triangle), just as Byron Nelson did. But if you prefer a slight rotation of the hips both going back and coming through, there is no need to change. It will not hurt your ability to fade.

Despite what most golfers might think, the man who fades the ball contacts it just as solidly as the men who hits a straight shot. If he merely swiped at the ball or cut across it the result would be a severe slice. At impact (red arrows) the club face is indeed slightly open—not at an exact 90° angle to the ball—because the weak grip has opened it at the top of the backswing. But this does not mean you hit a less powerful shot. You must concentrate on two things: 1) let your left arm and left elbow lead the club head into the ball, and 2) don't let your wrists break at all until well into the follow-through. By the time you hit the ball your weight should have moved with a leteral hip slide (triangle) over to your left side. But after impact your hips turn open in the standard fashion so that your belt buckle faces the hole. If you do not complete the hip slide with this turning motion you will have committed the mistake the pros call "blocking out." This is a very common error that will cause you to push the shot to the right instead of getting the desired tail-end turn to the right, which is the true fade.



Here is an antihook secret that can do as much as anything to make a controlled fader of you As you come through the ball (top) the right hand is under the left Now all that you have to do is just keep the right hand under (center) as you follow through *This contradicts the classic golf* theory that you should roll the right-hand over on the follow-through (left), but if you never let that right hand start to roll there is almost no way to hook

There might seem to be no reason to apply the mechanics of a fader's swing to short shots, because you certainly do not want a 50-yard approach to start curving to the right. But I have found that an extension of the weak grip has greatly increased my accuracy and sense of touch with a pitching wedge, and it may do the same for you. What I do is open the club face slightly (right) and grip the club with the left hand turned even farther to the left than before, so that its V now points toward my left shoulder (below). The result is a shot that is softer, higher and has more backspin than the normal pitch. One reason for this may be that the work is being done by the right hand. A right-handed golfer will get more feel for a short shot when he controls it with his right hand, though this right-hand emphasis must not be tried with long irons or woods.

PART 4: QUARTERBACK ON THE RUN

ALWAYS LEAVE THOSE MONSTERS LAUGHING

by FRAN TARKENTON with JACK OLSEN

One key to a pro quarterback's success is survival, says Tarkenton, who brings to Coach Allie Sherman (right) and the New York Giants all the collected lessons of six years spent in Minnesota's school of hard knocks

When I was a kid I used to make up bubble-gum-card teams and stage football games on my bed. I'd go through the Philadelphia Eagle cards and study my personnel. There'd be Frank Kilroy and Vic Sears and Tommy Thompson, Bosh Pritchard and Steve Van Buren and Pete Pihos and all the rest, and I'd try to figure out some kind of a game plan based on what they did best, how well they had played in the previous games, how they had looked in the exhibition season and the capabilities of the guys they were playing, who would usually be the Washington Redskins led by Bullet Bill Dudley. Oh, it was a very complex process. "Steve," I'd say to the Steve Van Buren bubble-gum card, "we're going to be running you wide a lot today."

"Great, Coach," he would say, and I'd make a mental note for my game plan that Van Buren would carry the main load of the offense and that when I needed 10 yards I could always send him on an "end run."

Our fullback had a slight charley horse, but nobody on the other team knew about it, so I figured that for short yardage we could always use him on a "center plunge." Bosh Pritchard had worked the "off tackle" play successfully the day before against the Chicago Bears. Tommy Thompson was having good luck with the buttonhook pass to Pete Pihos, and once in a while he'd hit on a bomb to one of our deep receivers. So that would be my basic offensive game plan: the center plunge, end run and off-tackle play, the short pass and the long pass, and for a little razzle-dazzle, I would include a Statue of Liberty play, an end-around and a tricky tackle-eligible play. After all that planning, it was not surprising that my bubble-gum Eagles were undefeated in my bedroom.

This was when I was *continued*

maybe 9 to 12 years old, and I'd come home from school and run off those games till suppertime, and then after supper I'd do it the rest of the evening, and while the other kids were doing homework I was wondering how to use Pete Pihos this week. My studies suffered, but this was my interest, this was my life.

Well, it still is. And sometimes I wish life had stayed as simple as it was in those dear dead days. Mostly, football was like a big shove-of-war. There were no flanker backs, no blitzes and no 275-pound pass rushers who could step off the 100 in 10 flat. Life was sweet and pure and simple, and none of the quarterbacks had a Ph. D. from Rice. In those days the biggest problem was to execute. You knew how the other team's defense would set up every time; the problem was how to mix the plays and beat their static defense more often than they beat your static defense.

I'm not one of those quarterbacks who tries to impress the public with the complexities of running a modern pro football offense. Everybody's job is more complex nowadays; our whole society is vastly more complex, and the pro quarterback's job can be learned, piece by piece, just like anybody else's. You don't memorize the basic 300 plays overnight, and you're not expected to, and you don't learn how to read every other team's defenses until you've been around the league for four or five years, and even then you keep on learning new ones. But it is true that you can drive yourself batty trying to read defenses, figuring out how to beat them, adjusting to the time of the game, position on the field, the weather, the capabilities of your players and the limitations of the opponents and 134 other factors. As game time approaches each week and all these problems come up anew, I go into more and more of a purple quandary trying to anticipate what's going to happen. By Friday or Saturday I'm running whole blocks of plays in my head, just like the buhble-gum days. I'm trying to visualize every game situation, every defense, and how to beat it. I say to myself, "Now, what am I going to do if I'm on their five-yard line and it's third and three and our short passing game hasn't been going very well and it's misting?" I walk around on another planet, and I'm not much fun to live with.

When I first came into the league in 1961 you could draw up your pass patterns with a reasonable expectancy of getting single man-to-man coverage or an occasional zone-type coverage, and that was all you had to worry about as far as pass defense was concerned. But nowadays they have a jillion different pass coverages to throw against you: single coverage, zone coverage, double coverage, combination coverage, weak side zones and sally zones, and who knows what all, and every one of them carefully camouflaged! As if that isn't bad enough, a lot of teams are beginning to play what is called "position on the field." Baltimore and Detroit started this, and the rest of the teams are picking it up. In "position on the field" you zone the wide side of the field at all times, but if the offense is strong into the sideline you use a double-coverage strong side and a weak side zone to the wide side and get them that way. There's a lot more to it, hut hasically the defense is determined by "position on the field," and you get a different concept, a more sophisticated concept, of defense.

You've got to wonder how in the world a pro quarterback can figure all these things out, especially when he has only a second or two in which to make his decision. He can study the defensive alignment as he is counting cadence, but the real decision has to be made when he is dropping back to pass, when the defensive ballplayers are on the move and the true defense (in contrast to the camouflaged defense) is being tipped off.

Every quarterback has his own system of keys for reading defenses. My own is to watch the middle linebacker and the strong-side safety. By studying those two I can usually tell what kind of pass coverage I'm up against. If the middle linebacker goes to the strong side, then I look for some type of single coverage, or maybe double, but at any rate I know it will be man-to-man. If he goes to the weak side, they're probably throwing a zone at me. If the strong safety goes back to a deep corner, that's going to be zone coverage, and if he stays up tight it's probably some sort of man-to-man. If the strong safety goes back to the middle, I'm going to expect a weak side zone. And so forth through the other possibilities. See how simple it is?

In the olden days of pro football, eight and 10 years ago, you looked for other giveaways, like the way somebody held his feet. They used to say that the Eagles' quarterback, Tommy Thompson, would stand with his left foot forward when he was calling a running play and his feet parallel for a pass play. I don't know if that was true or not, but I do know that football has become far too sophisticated for that sort of approach. In the first place, hardly anybody gives away free information anymore, and even if they did you wouldn't have time to go around studying everybody's feet. You've got too much else to do.

Everything is changing so fast in pro football, sometimes even from week to week, that it's a full-time learning job keeping up with the new styles fresh from Chicago and Dallas and San Francisco and everyplace else. If current trends keep up, I think you'll see less and less blitzing and fewer checkoffs at the line of scrimmage. A lot of people think that checkoffs—audibles—are the answer to cute defenses and fancy red-dogging patterns, and once upon a time they were. In our second year at Minnesota we carried the audible process to its ultimate against Los Angeles. We called every play audibly at the line, without a huddle, at least till the Rams made certain adjustments. The problem was that we were hurting offensively—Tommy Mason was out and we had some other weaknesses—and the Los Angeles line was jumping around a lot, from four-three to five-three to five-two with all sorts of variations, and we were having an awful time figuring out an offense. So we decided to beat their defense by going right up to the line and calling an audible play on a short count—I'd say, "Set two 25 hut hut," and boom! the play was on. They didn't even have the time for a defensive huddle, let alone the time to do all that jumping around. We played this way for one entire quarter, or long enough to make them honest.

Nowadays the problem of shifting, switching defenses isn't solved by the audible so often; it's solved right in the huddle hy giving the players flexible assignments. For example: suppose our tight end is to run a square-out pattern. In the old days he'd probably have run that square-out pattern, period, and that would have been his whole assignment. But now he will run the pattern only if the linebacker on his side does not blitz. If the blitz is on, the tight end will block the blitzer. In other words, the possibility of a blitz is anticipated by the play. Of course, I've vastly oversimplified. When you figure that the tight end also will have a couple of other alternatives, you can

begin to see how complex this new-type offense can get, especially when you realize that the tight end is only one of 11 players with choices and decisions to make after the ball is snapped.

The modern quarterback anticipates the probabilities and calls plays that will prepare his team for almost anything. He doesn't have to call audibles. Many times a good quarterback will go through an entire game without calling a single audible; his strategy against tricky defense is built into his play-calling. And, anyway, an audible was never much more than a way to avert disaster. All you could do was go up there and check off and hope that everybody on your team caught the signal. A play is always better if it's called in the huddle. The quarterback who calls 10 or 12 audibles is becoming a thing of the past.

In my opinion, the blitz is losing its effectiveness because of the flexible offense, and when the blitz is finally gone for good plenty of coaches will breathe easier. The blitz has always been one of the chanciest moves in football. When you blitz you're putting your defensive backs into the toughest situation they can face: you're making them cover one-on-one all over the field. No defensive back can cover a pass catcher for more than a few seconds one-on-one, so the only way the blitz can be effective is if the quarterback is dumped right away. Otherwise he'll beat you to death. Certain refinements have been introduced to the blitz, of course. You're seeing more and more safety blitzes, and last year we even got blitzed by a corner back, something I'd never seen before.

Although teams are doing a better job of camouflaging the blitz, there are still too many ways to spot it, to anticipate it. The linebackers will cheat up to the line before the ball's snapped, whereas usually they're two or three yards back. It doesn't do a linebacker any good to blitz from three yards back, so when you see him fudging up toward the line you've got to smell a blitz. You can also watch the free safety for information on a blitzing probability. Normally the free safety has no specific responsibility, and he plays pretty deep. But if there's a weakside blitz coming up, the free safety has a definite responsibility: he has to cover the first back out of the backfield, and in order to get into position to do this he can't be his usual 12 or 15 yards from the line of scrimmage, he's got to cheat up so he's only seven or eight yards away. So you've got to get suspicious. Similarly, when the two outside linebackers are going to blitz, the middle linebacker will often give it away. Instead of his usual job, he's now got to cover the first back out of the backfield on the strong side. When I see him edging over toward the strong side to get head up with the offensive back on that side, I've got to say to myself, "Well, old Moe there must be expecting the two outside linebackers to blitz." None of this sounds too complicated when you put it down on paper, but I've only covered a small fraction of the ways in which blitzes can be tipped off, and you've got to go up to the line and figure all this out practically instantly. More and more offenses are able to do this, and they are making the blitz too big a gamble to last much longer.

The blitz reached its peak a few years ago, it was your big weapon against the pass, but now it is being superseded by a far more effective weapon: the pass rush. I wince when I think of the pass rush that's being put on by some of the teams in pro ball these days. Just for an idea, look at the Detroit Lions' pass rush. Your best rushers are usually ends, they come crashing in on you from the outside the way Andy Robustelli used to do, but against Detroit you not only have the ends but you have two All-Pro tackles, Alex Karras and Roger Brown, slamming right up the middle. You just can't ask your guards to hold that 300-pound Brown and that big bull Karras for very long, and you have to make adjustments like setting your pocket deeper against the Lions.

Back when I broke into pro football, you had a few good pass rushers, guys like Robustelli and Gino Marchetti and Jim Katcavage and one or two others. But now you've got 15 or 20 super pass rushers around the league, and every team has a few guys who'll be beating on you all afternoon. To my mind, these pass rushers are unique in sport. You can't show me another sport that asks a man to be not big but *huge*, preferably 260 pounds and up, preferably at least 6′5″, and still be as quick as a sprinter off the blocks and plenty nimble on his feet. The pass rusher has got to be a combination of professional wrestler, Olympic 100-meter man and ballet dancer. At Minnesota last year two of the five fastest men on our squad were defensive pass rushers, Carl Eller and Jim Marshall. They tell me that the fastest man on the Los Angeles team when they timed them two years ago was Dave Jones, the pass rusher, and he's 6′5″ and 270 pounds. Merlin Olsen was hardly a step behind him. Henry Jordan and Willie Davis of the Packers have great speed; so do Bob Lilly of the Cowboys, Drdell Braase of the Colts, and Doug Atkins of the Saints, and they're all behemoths.

Pass rushers are the dramatis personae in my nightmares. Some of them are notoriously effective against us (Davis of the Packers, to name one), and I'll spend half the afternoon with them draped all over me, banging me down and sitting on me. A lot of people have asked me how I manage to hold my temper when I see the 245 pounds of Willie Davis flying through the air at me for the fourth time in a game, how do I keep from calling him some kind of insulting name or pulling his nose or doing something nasty? Well, that's one of the first things you learn as a professional quarterback: *do not alienate the pass rushers.* Guys like Willie Davis are tough enough when they're in a good mood. If you go out of your way to get them mad, you're asking for more trouble than I personally wish to encounter at eye level. And I also don't want them to know that they're bothering me in the least; I don't want them to think that they're disturbing my afternoon one bit. So when they knock me down I usually say something like, "Good play, nice going!" I'll say, "Deacon, you're really getting in on me today!" Or, "Drdell, is it you again?" Or, "My gosh, Willie, you're spending the whole afternoon in my backfield!" My slogan is: always leave 'em smiling. That way you hold their adrenaline flow down a little.

And, in the second place, a quarterback is a football player just like everybody else out there and he's supposed to get hit. The pass rusher is not out there to deliver a spray of forget-me-nots. He's supposed to bang you as hard as he can, break you up and shake you up. I try not to let it bother me. I've got my own work to do. Do you realize that when you're lying on the ground with 600 pounds of pass rushers on top of you it's kind of peaceful down there? It's a good time to be planning your next play (or your retirement). There isn't a quarterback in pro football who doesn't put the pleasant interlude to good use.

I'm not primarily a runner, except in

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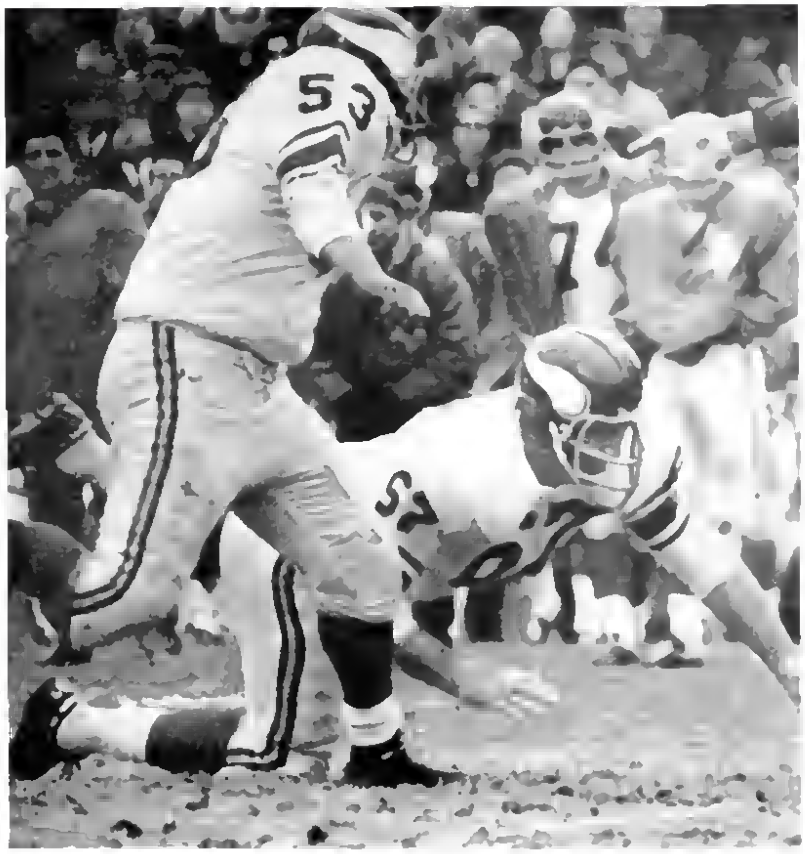


IN BRILLIANT 1966 VICTORY OVER GREEN BAY, FRAN ELUDES TACKLE HENRY JORDAN

emergencies, and maybe I'd take an entirely different approach if I were. A runner like Jim Taylor will get up from a tackle fighting mad, but a quarterback has to be a little cooler. As a rule, I just sort of go *thunk* when I'm tackled, like a sack of meal, because my mind isn't on moving forward but on completing a pass, hitting a target. I've got a million things to think about, and getting knocked on my back is one of the last.

Sometimes it seems there's no end to the minuscule details you have to remember on a pro football field, right down to the way you tie your shoes, and the reason is that the teams in the pro game are so evenly matched that the little things often decide games. If the teams are just about equal in major matters, you'd better get your minor matters down pat. In the case of a quarterback, that even includes how he uses his mouth, his larynx, his vocal chords. The way you count cadence can cost you a game, and the way you call a play in the huddle can make or break your offense. You've got to exude confidence. It can't be faked. You've got to know your job backward. You've got to sound self-assured and *be* self-assured. When you lean over that center and start your cadence count, you can't do it in a cracking, timid voice. You can't stumble around. It's a funny thing, but they tell me that Bart Starr used to be that way when he first came up but, as you may have noticed, he licked the problem pretty fast. The simple truth is the good quarterback has to be a loudmouth. He has to be heard all the way from the flanker back on the right to the split end on the left, and that's a distance of 25 or 30 yards.

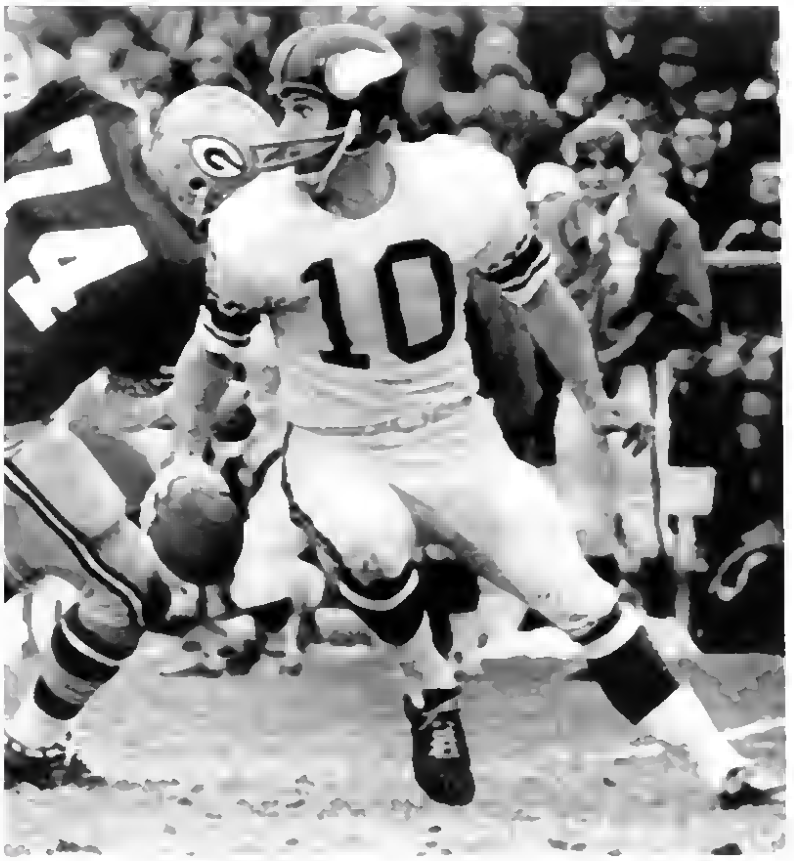
A quarterback also has to watch his diction, and if you think that sounds silly, consider the fact that only one of the other 10 men has to misunderstand a signal and the whole play can be shot. more than likely, it *will* be shot. You can't go into the huddle sounding like Gomer Pyle or Lady Bird Johnson. You've got to say, "Open four right 29 G O on two" in pear-shaped tones, with total clarity, not, "Open foe rat twinny nan G O own tew." That's how a lot of plays are busted. There's no room for the least misunderstanding.

I remember one day when we were doing a skeleton pass drill at Minnesota and Lee Grosscup, "The Cupper," one of the really funny men of the era, was quarterbacking. Now, "The Cupper" was an American original, he never liked to do things in the old, tired style. So he's calling a play real loud in the huddle, and he chooses his own way of saying that the play will be run on the count of two. The Cupper says, "All right, we'll run this on the deuce. *On the deuce!*"

Van Brocklin was standing 50 yards away, and he covered the distance in about five seconds flat. He says, "Grosscup, we don't want any of that Madison Avenue fertilizer around here! When you mean two, say two, not the deuce!" We all got a big laugh out of it later, but Van Brocklin was absolutely right. Nothing less than 100%, simplicity will do in a pro football huddle. A quarterback has to practice Allie Sherman's KISS system. Keep It Simple, Stupid!"

And even after the poor old quarterback has followed these rules, kept his language simple and forceful, learned the opposition defense and how to probe it, done his homework and studied his scouting reports, been a good boy and helped old ladies across the street, he still might lose the ball game. Maybe the other team's quarterback has been a good boy, too, or maybe the other team has just too many guns. Or maybe the other team benefits from that vastly underrated phenomenon of pro football: the factor of luck, fate, the breaks. To my mind, there's no doubt about it. Luck enters into everything, and more than averagely into pro football. And since pro football is a game of momentum, you can lose a ball game by 35-0 because of one little break that goes against you early in the game. You *shouldn't*, but you can.

I don't have much patience with these people who say that the breaks all even up over the long pull. You're not playing over the long pull, you're playing right now, and it tears you apart to lose on a dirty bounce, a missed call, some kind of lucky break. I remember in 1965 we needed one touchdown in the last two minutes to beat Green Bay. Well, we scored *two*. The first was called back for offensive interference and the second because an official said the receiver was out-of-bounds, and the game film showed that both calls were questionable, to say the least. That was good luck on the part of the Packers, but you couldn't have found that out from the standings. And if the Packers don't win that game, they don't win the Western Division championship, and they never get a chance to beat Cleveland for the NFL championship. So don't anybody tell me that luck doesn't play a big part. I'm not sour-graping, I'm just stating



AND SEEKS RECEIVER DOWNFIELD FOR THE KIND OF SHORT-RANGE PASS THAT WON

facts that are well known to every NFL player.

In that same year Green Bay tied Baltimore in the last period of the playoff game and then went on to beat the Colts in overtime and win the Western Division championship. After the game was over, everybody rushed to see the game film, and it looked to many as though the field goal that had tied the game was wide. Baltimore lost the game on a break, on a matter of centimeters.

I know there's an old trite saying that the best-disciplined team makes its own breaks, makes its own luck, and this is true. But there are lots of breaks that nobody can understand, breaks that have nothing whatever to do with a team's disciplines or skills. How about the situation where you throw a pass at one of your receivers and suddenly you see that the ball is headed right into the arms of a corner back, and then out of nowhere comes another one of your receivers to pick off the ball on the dead run? Believe me, it is possible to get *plenty* lucky in the NFL. It is possible to slop into a victory. The win is usually to the better team, but not always.

It may seem that I've gone out of my way to cite games in which Green Bay got lucky, but that is only because Green Bay is the greatest football team in the world, and I love to use them as an example. Probably just as many breaks have gone against them, but I don't remember very many. You have to understand that I've spent countless long hours of my life pondering the problems presented by the Green Bay Packers. I have spent as much time dreaming about them, planning how to play them, being preoccupied by them, being obsessed by them, as any quarterback in the National Football League. Up at Minnesota, Green Bay was always the big game for us. And we gave very respectable performances against the Packers over the last few years. In our last six games we won two and lost four, and against the Packers that's respectable. Not only that, but every one of those games could have gone one way or the other right up to the last few minutes.

Out of all that travail, even an idiot would have learned something. What I learned was a general approach to playing the Packers. I don't say it will always work, but at least it is an idea, a theory.

Let's start off by a little study of the Packers themselves. Everybody knows that their psychology is to outexecute the opponent. Almost all pro football teams have a master pool of about 300 plays, out of which they'll select maybe 30 for a specific game, 30 plays that they've worked on, and many of which they won't even use. Green Bay will select 20 for its ready list and wind up using only 10 or 15 of them. I don't know that for a fact, but that's the way it's always seemed to me, playing against them. The thing is, they'll run those 10 or 15 plays to perfection. They are completely geared to execution. If a play is going good for them, they'll run it again and again and you'll know what's coming, and still that right guard will pull and knock down your linebacker and the halfback will take out your other linebacker, and the play will go for yardage.

Not everybody is a total believer in the Green Bay theory, some say it works at Green Bay largely because they have the finest personnel the game has ever seen. How many times will a team lose a man like Paul Hornung for almost a whole season and still win the football championship of the universe with talent like Donny Anderson and Jim Grabowski sitting on the bench? That's personnel! On the other hand, it's hard to fault the theory. Maybe it works because it's there, because having *some* theory and believing in *some* theory is half the battle. Maybe it's like the success of Bear Bryant. They think Bear can walk on water down in Alabama, and you can't tell anybody in the state from the governor to a ditchdigger that there's any other way except Bear's way. That's fine. Bear may not have the best philosophy in the world, but at least he gives them something to work with. Up at Green Bay everybody is sold on Vince Lombardi's theory; they're all convinced Green Bay has the inside track, the secret of how it's done. They've got the record to back them up, and that's all that counts. Nevertheless, there is a way to attack every football team, and that includes Green Bay.

Obviously, I think that there are certain vulnerable points in the Packer defensive lineup, and obviously I can't tell you exactly what I think they are. They may have a lineman I can run at, they may have another I can run inside of, they may have a back I think I know how to beat on a certain type of pass, etc. The Packers probably have fewer vulnerable spots than any team in the game, but that doesn't make them perfect.

On the other hand, I can give you a very clear picture of what I *can't* do

continued

against Green Bay, and of certain preeautions I must take on every play. For example, I know that Henry Jordan is a tackle with great lateral movement, and whenever I pull a guard in front of Henry Jordan I've got to block my center back on him. I can't pull a guard right in front of Henry's face and expect him to just fade out of the play; he has too much speed to either side, and he'll come out of nowhere and make the play.

I know that Ron Kostelnik, the other defensive tackle, is a guy who comes under the heading "They also serve who only stand and wait." Kostelnik is the cop on the beat. He stands up there at the line of scrimmage and says, "Come on through, right this way, boys, see if you can get by!" And most of the time you can't. Kostelnik covers up the middle while Henry Jordan roams and Willie Davis and Lionel Aldridge charge, that's about the size of it. Kostelnik plays the screens and the draws, and if you're planning to make any headway through the Green Bay line you've got to get him out of there.

Behind Kostelnik and Jordan and the others, Green Bay plays three tough linebackers. They won't blitz much (the pass rush takes care of putting pressure on the passer), and they won't make many mistakes, either. You've got to beat those linebackers yourself, and if you can't do it don't expect them to do it for you.

Now, when you take a look at the Green Bay secondary you are looking at something that is as nearly perfect as the Kohinoor diamond. Willie Wood, the free safety, plays center field, and he is the best free safety I have ever seen. He'll go from one end of that field to the other intercepting passes all day long, and you're not going to beat him on the home run. The other safety, Tom Brown, covers more than his share of acreage, too, although he is not quite as quick as Wood. The corner back, Herb Adderley, plays the post (down and in) very tough. You try not to send anybody out into Adderley's territory on a post pattern; that's Adderley's meat. He's a quick reactor, and you've got to get the ball to your receiver practically instantly or Adderley, even if he's been beaten, will recover and break up the play.

The other corner back, Bob Jeter, is the most underestimated defensive back in the league. He's the little bandit you've got to watch; he'll intercept square-out passes, and when a back intercepts one of those passes he's usually got nothing between him and the goal line but grass. And he's fast! You may beat Jeter deep, but by the time the ball gets there Jeter's there, too. Almost all of those Green Bay pass defenders can recover and get back to the ball *after* they've been beaten, and that's the test. The result is one of the NFL's more interesting statistics: last year the Packer defense scored six touchdowns on interceptions. The records don't show how many times they broke the other team's back by intercepting a pass just when things were looking good.

You can imagine what this does to the opposing quarterback. He scans the Green Bay secondary, and over to one side he sees Willie Mays. He looks down the middle and there's another Willie Mays, and he turns in desperation to the other side of the field and there's still another Willie Mays staring at him. I'll tell you what this did to me: in my first four years in the league the Packers intercepted me more than all the other teams put together.

Now, how in the world am I going to beat a team like this? How am I going to attack a fundamentally sound defensive team with no major weaknesses, good pass rushers, big strong linebackers and the best defensive secondary in football?

The answer is, I am going to try to beat them at their own game. Normally, I'm a gambler. I like to think of myself as a member of the wild-eyed, try-anything new breed of quarterback, but I am going to have to fight down that tendency against the Packers. I am going to have to school myself and my teammates to be patient, to be disciplined, to be controlled *exactly like the Packers*. To beat Green Bay you've got to use a controlled short-passing game to certain vulnerable points, coupled with a strong, solid running game, always going forward, not giving them the interception or the fumble, because they're not going to give you the interception or the fumble. They're not going to make mistakes, so you can't make mistakes, either. Therefore I am going to eliminate from my repertoire all the plays that are potentially risky, full of possibilities for error, and throw Green Bay's simple, disciplined game right back at them. I might have to show them something different once or twice, just as they might show us an occasional variation, but there's a difference between showing the opposition something and really counting on it in your plan.

Most of all, I am going to give up my favorite play, every quarterback's favorite play: the home run. There is no way in the world that anybody is going to beat Green Bay with the long ball. Instead, you are going to get intercepted and sent to the Continental League. A big gambler is a big loser against the Packers. A gambler has to make an occasional wrong guess, and everybody knows that Vince Lombardi stands along the sidelines muttering over and over to himself, "Please let's not give them anything they don't deserve." With an attitude like that, the Packers eat up gamblers.

Even as great a quarterback as John Unitas has trouble throwing the long ball against Green Bay. The Colts have lost five straight times to the Packers. Last year their quarterbacks threw seven interceptions against Green Bay in two games. Why, in their first meeting last year the game had hardly started before Green Bay had intercepted twice. And in their second game the Colts opened with a long pass right down the middle, and there was Willie Wood to pick it off! Nobody is ever going to beat Green Bay with a bunch of gambles, with chancy plays, long passes, razzle-dazzle fleaflickers or any other rinky-dink technique. The Packers are too well schooled, too well disciplined and too experienced together, and you're not getting any yardage off them except by giving them a mirror image of their own style. I don't say this will always beat them; I do say there is *no other way* to beat them.

In our first 1966 game against the Packers, we were prepared to control the ball, eat out first downs and *execute*. Their defensive game plan seemed to be to wait and see what we were up to; they didn't rush the way they usually do, and Willie Davis didn't touch me at all that day, which is three or four times less than usual for Willie. Apparently they decided not to let me get away on any scrambles, and in order to do this they had to ease up on their pass rush so that there were always tacklers available at the line of scrimmage. This worked in our favor. But the main thing that worked in our favor was the fact that we played Green Bay-style ball, we didn't make mistakes. We tied the game in the second quarter on an 80-yard march that took us eight minutes, slow and steady, featuring the kind of short, low passes that Bart Starr practically invented and the kind of five-yard runs that Jim Taylor holds a patent

on. In the fourth quarter we did the same thing all over again with about five minutes left, scored a touchdown after a long drive to go ahead 20-17, and when the gun went off we were right back on their five-yard line running out the clock.

We did not have a fumble or an interception all day. Green Bay had no interceptions and one fumble. We made no fundamental mistakes, they made one, and that was the old ball game.

Toward the end of the season, with our team completely out of contention, we met Green Bay again. The Packers moved out to a 21-3 lead while we were getting our wits about us, but then we settled down to a Green Bay-type of offense and came back to within five points of them. With two minutes left to play, we're making a nice, sustained march, it's second and nine, we have two time-outs left, and we've reached the 48-yard-line, and we try a fleaflicker.

Every team has a fleaflicker play or two. They're the kind that went out with Stover of Yale, except that even the brightest football coaches get tempted to try them once in a while. They're usually so complicated that it would take an hour and a half to describe the play in the huddle, so instead of saying something like, "Fake four right fake 34 draw fullback lateral to quarterback X up," you just say, "Fleaflicker!" and everybody breathes a silent prayer and off you go.

On this particular fleaflicker against the Packers I was supposed to hand off to Fullback Phil King, he runs to the right sideline, turns and laterals all the way back to me, and I throw a pass to Red Phillips. Got that? So did Green Bay. Instead of following Phil, they stuck right with me, and when that lateral came floating into my arms I was surrounded by Packers. I threw a bad pass down the field and Herb Adderley picked it off, and a few plays later Green Bay scored a touchdown.

So we lost the game 28-16, and on one humpty-dumpty play. I'm not faulting the play; we used the fleaflicker only one other time last year, and then it went for 60 yards against Baltimore. Any play that averages 30 yards a try can't be all bad. But I hate fleaflickers. They're desperation plays, and they should only be used when everything else has been exhausted. Although, come to think of it, they sure worked great in my bubble-gum days. **END**

PEOPLE

The Pro Football Hall of Fame Club recently decided to present rings to all the living members of the Hall of Fame. The contract went to the L. G. Balfour jewelry firm, and it seemed to present no problem. Only 37 honorees are living and that is not much of a job for a firm that provides rings for graduating classes numbering in the thousands. But then they heard **Bronko Nagurski**'s ring size. Tiffany, in New York, carries rings up to size 12. Balfour was equipped to go up to a 14½. Bronko Nagurski required a 19½. "Are you sure?" Bronko was asked, and he said, "Right. Size 19½. Same as my shirt collar." A size 19½ ring is about 8.5 centimeters, or more than three inches in circumference.

British Author **William Golding** (*below*) recently set out from Shoreham, on England's Sussex Coast, for a holiday sail on his yacht, the 23-ton *Tenace*. It was to be a gentle cruise through the canals of France and to the Mediterranean, but less than 24 hours out the *Tenace* was struck by a Japanese cargo ship, the *Hetan Maru*. Golding, with his family and crew, was saved, but the *Tenace*, described by Golding as "old, quaint and beautiful," was so badly damaged that she sank. The 55-year-old Golding is a former navy man who has said, "I am always intensely apprehensive when I approach water. It is a fear-courage relationship."

As it happens, in a book he wrote in 1956 entitled *Pincher Martin*, Golding described with agonizing clarity the death by drowning of its hero. He doubtless mourns the *Tenace*, but anyone who has read *Pincher Martin* can rest assured that this captain had no intention of going down with his ship.

As noted earlier, **Prince Claus** of The Netherlands has been making a grim effort to learn to ride a horse. Perhaps the effort was too grim. The Amsterdam papers report that last week Prince Claus joined the annual four-day tour around the Netherlands town of Nijmegen. It was a walking tour.

Lindsay's Lancers, as New York Mayor **John Lindsay**'s softball team is perhaps too grandly named, came through again last week, losing another game to *The Mad Show* team and keeping its record pure and unblemished. This, the second game between the Lancers and the New York show-business team, was played in Yankee Stadium as an embellishment to the endeavors of the Yankees and the Minnesota Twins, who were engaged in a doubleheader. Ringers for *The Mad Show* team included Manager Godfrey Cambridge, Woody Allen, George C. Scott, Jason Robards, Leonard Lyons, Alan King and George Plimpton. The Lancers comprised the usual lot of commissioners, deputy mayors and whatnot. Lindsay himself was present in a purely managerial capacity, but he failed to outmanage Godfrey Cambridge. The show-business team took the game 5-0, and Alan King got to say to the New York City administration, "So you guys thought we were a bunch of drunkards who stayed out all night. Well, we showed you!" Mayor Lindsay did receive a check for $3,000 for his play-street program, though, and the way things were going in New York last week it must have been welcome.

While William Golding was losing a yacht, **Richard and Elizabeth Burton** (*shown below at a tennis exhibition in Switzerland*) were acquiring one. The Burtons recently purchased the 61-year-old *Odyssea*, a yacht built, according to Burton, "for an eccentric Englishman who installed an organ and used to take her out to sea and play Bach during thunderstorms." Richard has had the organ replaced with a bar.

Once you have braved the cold of Mt. Everest, the iciness of a mere prime minister apparently does not get to you. **Sir Edmund Hillary** observed not long ago in an address to a group of schoolboys in Auckland, New Zealand, "It horrifies me the way a head of state can, in one moment, deny vehemently that his country is carrying out some particular action—and then, a couple of days later, and with complete calmness, admit the whole thing." Sir Edmund had intended no specific accusations, but the Prime Minister of New Zealand, Mr. Keith Holyoake, took the remark personally and protesting, one suspects too much, called it "unwarranted ... an astonishing and appalling innuendo!" But nobody squelches Sir Edmund. He not only refused to retract his observations, he added to them: "Having been berated by the Prime Minister, I suppose the only thing left is to retreat to the Antarctic and commune with the seals. When you kick *them* in the stomach they just grunt and go back to sleep."

Mike Livingston is scheduled to replace Mac White as quarterback of the SMU football team, and, when the time comes, if Mike is alive he certainly should be ready. He has recently survived a serious appendectomy, the birth of his second child and an attack by a knife-wielding aspiring escapee from the Dallas County jail, where he was employed with Halfback Jim Hagle as a guard. Livingston may need a little exercise, but, as far as a quarterback's nerves go, it is hard to see how SMU could work out a more strenuous training program.

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Revival of a grand old name

The sporting world had nearly forgotten the Belmont family until August IV (below) popped up with a champion retriever named Supy

Not too long ago a New York gossip columnist reported with smug satisfaction that the August Belmont family was definitely on the way Out The golden era of Newport-New York society had come to an end, along with private railroad cars and marble mansions. Unless a miracle happened, predicted the pundit, not even a racetrack and a bevy of hotels, parks and plazas bearing the Belmont name could save it from oblivion.

No one is suggesting that the prescribed miracle has now materialized in the form of a 5-year-old, black Labrador retriever named Super Chief, but no one can deny either that "Supy," as the dog is called, deserves some of the credit for putting the Belmont name back in headlines. Last month, in the mountain community of McCall, Idaho, August Belmont IV made the tallest headlines in the field-trial world by winning the 1967 National Amateur Retriever championship.

To shy, unassuming Augie Belmont, his triumph with Supy was every bit as heady as some of his grandfather's grandest horse-racing victories. But unlike his grandfather, the younger Belmont had neither the advantages of a vast stable of professional trainers behind him, nor even a jockey to help. He guided Supy to the championship singlehanded, and the old man would have been proud.

The National Amateur Retriever championship is the premier prize in retrieverdom To most retriever owners, especially to those with only one or a few dogs, it is an achievement more glorious than winning the National Open, an event generally dominated by professionals and big-string kennels. Even John Olin, whose Nilo Kennels has won three National Opens, never managed to win a National Amateur, although he has come close.

The McCall championship, the climax of more than 120 AKC-licensed retriever trials run across the country in the preceding 12 months, was open only to amateur handlers, but there was nothing amateurish about most of the dog handling at the event Competitors such as Roger Vasselais of New York, Guy Burnett of Montana, Bing Grunwald of Nebraska, Harold Mack Jr. and Eloise Heller of California, to name just a few of the 52 present at McCall this year, hold their own with the best professional handlers in the business.

Out of an estimated 183,124 registered retrievers in the U S and Canada, only 72 succeeded in qualifying for the 1967 National, and only 60 of these dogs actually ran. There were 30 field champions (championships won in Open competition against both professional and amateur handlers), 42 amateur field champions, two former National Amateur champions, one former Canadian Na-

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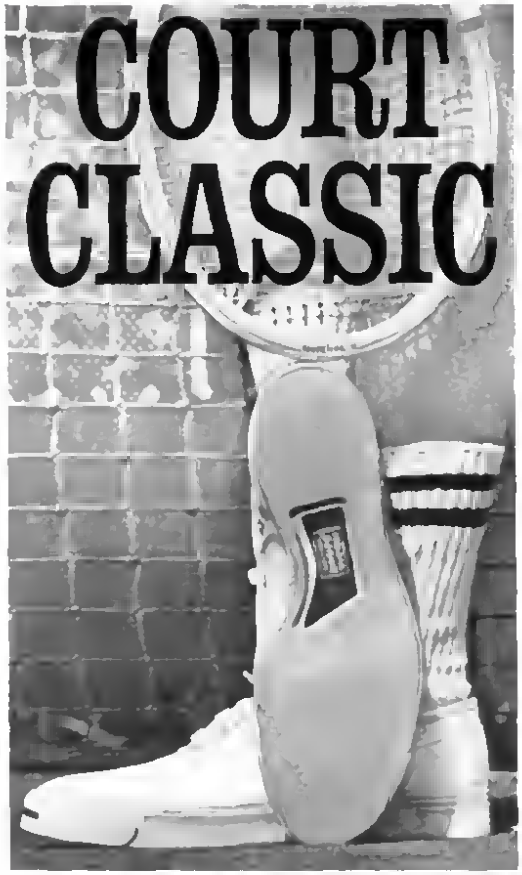

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tional Open champion, and three dogs that currently rank among the alltime point winners.

There is little difference between the caliber of dogs at the National Amateur and those at the National Open and no difference in the way the two trials are run and judged. Each consists of 10 series, or tests, involving land, water or a combination of both, which measure the dog's ability to meet and master various situations he might encounter in the field. They also measure his ability and willingness to take directions from a handler.

The performance a dog turns in at any trial is a combination of his training, his rapport with the handler and his desire to do a good job. An accomplished professional is an expert at determining exactly the proper balance between all three and at maintaining it under all conditions. Most amateurs, on the other hand, are rarely as consistent in their moods or manner. Such inconsistencies are invariably reflected in the way a dog works.

"I have seen dogs that looked great when run by professionals," says Rex Carr, one of the best-known retriever trainers on the West Coast, "and I have seen the same dogs do miserable jobs when run by their owners. It was hard to believe they were the same dogs. This is why amateur trials are such a challenge, even with the most highly trained dog.

"Most owners," Carr adds, "have no idea how much more than just training is involved in this sport. They think because a dog has been trained by a professional it should handle the same way for them that it handles for the trainer. What they forget is that the dog may be trained but they are not."

Rex Carr is unique among professionals because he never handles a dog in a trial. Rather, he specializes in training amateurs to handle their own dogs. He will not accept any dog for training unless its owner is also willing to train with it, and to train seriously. Such training is no picnic. Carr expects as much from his pupils as he does from himself. But if training with Carr is rough, the rewards of such training are rich. Those of his pupils like Augie Belmont, who have managed to stick out the early-to-bed, early-to-rise routine that Carr insists upon, have also managed to win some of the top prizes.

For Belmont, Carr's uncompromising training demands are further complicat-

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ed by the fact that the Belmont home in Syosset, N.Y. is nearly 3,000 miles away from Carr's in Modesto, Calif. At least six times a year for the past several years this has necessitated Belmont's packing wife, dog, baggage and dog biscuits into a commercial airliner to make the cross-country trip. "The whole challenge of this sport for me," Belmont explains, "is working and running a dog myself. I don't just want my dog to win a trophy. I want to help him win it. Most trainers would not even attempt the kind of job Rex takes on. It is a lot harder to train the handler than it is to train the dog, but the handler and dog that are trained together really know each other. They become a team that is working for the same goal. It's work all right, but it is also the real pleasure of field trialing."

There are times, Belmont's neighbors have mused, when the pleasures seem somewhat obscured by the perversities of the whole business—early on a wet, winter morning, for example, when the Belmont backyard is deep in mud and neither sun nor temperature has given any indication of rising. Why, the neighbors have wondered, would anyone forsake a warm bed and an extra cup of coffee before catching the 8:02 to run around in rain-sogged clothes blowing a whistle at an equally rain-sogged dog?

"I guess a lot of people down here would not understand it," Augie says, glancing sheepishly around his conservative office in a New York City investment-banking concern, "but that hour or two with Supy before taking the train each morning is the best part of the day for us.

"Supy is kind of special," he adds. "Even the way I got him was unusual. I didn't buy him. He was given to me by a fellow in Grand Rapids from whom I had bought a young dog a couple of years before. That first dog turned out unsound, and I guess the fellow worried about it. One day he called and said he was sending a pup from the same breeding to make up for the other one. Supy was a house dog until he was 5 months old. Then I sent him to Rex to see what he thought of him. Rex agreed to take us both on, and that's how we started."

There was no question among the almost 1,000 spectators who watched the two of them run at the 1967 National Amateur Retriever championship that Supy and August Belmont were indeed a team. **END**

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DARK SKY OVER 'TARA'

BY JOHN J. (DON) McNAMARA JR.

In blunt, sometimes bitter words distilled from his sailing autobiography, 'White Sails, Black Clouds' (Burdette & Co., $10), yachting's most controversial competitor tells what it's like to sail for fun in a perverse world of commercialism

Do you sometimes dream of spending a life touring the seven seas in a graceful, white-sailed boat, drifting from continent to continent utterly free of care?

I do.

Do you ever read those enticing advertisements in the yachting magazines offering boats for charter? Advertisements that extol the soundness of the hull, the competence of the crew and the perfection of the fittings? I read them. In fact, I have a boat that could be like that, and I have my dreams as well, and I keep hoping that the two will somehow get together. But they seldom do.

I have lived by the sea as long as I can remember. My family spent each summer in a house on the rock-strewn coast of Cohasset in Massachusetts Bay. I awoke each morning to the pounding surf *continued*

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of the Atlantic, and my first act each morning of my life was to look at the sea.

By the time I was 10 I desperately wanted a sailboat. My father, a quiet, prudent man, thought it best that I be taught thoroughly to sail before I was given a boat, and so I was packed off to Tabor Academy Camp for two summers. The Tabor Camp, in Marion, had tremendous facilities for teaching young boys the fundamentals of sailing. There was a fleet of small centerboard, Marconi-rigged sloops, called Zips, and 10 or 12 lovely Herreshoff-built gaff-rigged sloops, the E boats. We were assigned boats each morning and sent off into Marion harbor under the supervision of a counselor in a patrol launch.

On weekends a group of campers was sent off for a cruise on the huge schooner *Tabor Boy*, under command of Captain Curt Carlson. There we learned to make colors, chamois the brightwork, polish brass and scrub the decks.

We were given some instruction on racing tactics, but the main intent of the school was to provide a thorough grounding in seamanship. By my second summer I had earned my certificate as a Zip and E-boat skipper. In the spring of my 13th year my father gave me a new 110 class sloop, built by Haggerty in Cohasset.

As a competitor, I soon learned that the worlds of plain sailing and yacht racing are far apart. I was pitted against a group of young sailors who had been racing four or five years longer than I, and they cleaned my clock with discouraging regularity. I must have sorely tried the patience of the race committee as I struggled in, 10 or 15 minutes behind the pack. The club steward, a very kind man named Martin Grassie, took me under his wing, and I started to improve.

After each race in which I had gone off to some absurd corner of a windward leg Martin would patiently ask me why. He would listen to my somewhat lame explanations, and then, with simple sketches on the back of an envelope, he would show me why the others had fared better.

By the time I was 18 I didn't fit in the 110s anymore, having grown to over 6′3″. I passed my 110 on to my brother Dick, and my father gave me a new 210 with the excuse that it was an achievement present for having stayed in Harvard for a year.

At that time the Cohasset Yacht Club had a remarkable group of red-hot skippers for such a small organization. They included, for instance, Ray Hunt — the 210 designer — Gregg Bemis and Phil Benson. These were the last racing years of Hoover's Navy Secretary, Charles Francis Adams, who kept a 210 off his summer home in The Glades. Mr.

McNAMARA SPEAKS HIS MIND ON SHAMATEURISM

Despite the moans of the traditionalists, most yachtsmen must now admit that mass production and standardization have become an economic necessity in yachting. But economy does not require acceptance of the commercialism that has encroached on other aspects of our sport, the commercialism that has led many amateur yacht racers to accept defeat on the grounds that the other guy is a pro.

Olympic regulations define an amateur sportsman as "one who participates and always has participated in sport as an avocation without material gain of any kind." The yachting rules are in marked contrast and far more vague. They define an amateur sailor as one "who engages in yacht racing as a pastime as distinguished from a means of obtaining a livelihood." But this distinction has become more and more difficult to draw. Borderline amateurism is as prevalent today in big-time yachting as it is in, say, tennis. A truly amateur sailor has about as much chance as Harvard would have in the same stadium with the Green Bay Packers.

The reason can be reduced to two simple facts of life: time and money. To spend the time that is needed, one either has to be extremely wealthy, be reimbursed somehow for the time he spends or starve.

Most great helmsmen are made in their early years. Only then are the carefree hours of knocking about in boats available. A truly great helmsman must build this capacity into his hands and head until it becomes an instinctive reflex. The price is time. Once the art is attained it must be kept up, or it fades like the muscles of one's youth. Those who start racing in their middle years are extremely hard pressed to catch up. It's almost impossible. So to be a great sailor you must either be wealthy or earn your living somehow by the sea. The latter makes a travesty of the rule that says an amateur must sail only to "pass the time."

Most of us recognize that a surgeon or a painter becomes great only through practice and diligence. So must it be with a sailor. How much chance does the average sailor have against a boatbuilder who sells his wares and earns his living by racing his boats throughout the world in the best of competition? The answer: very little.

We tend to think of professionals in yachting as the white-clad, 22-man contingent of "Norwegian steam" aboard the old J boats. In other words, a man who is paid to race. This is silly. A boatbuilder who wins the world championship of an established class can realize more in a month than any J boat crew did in a season. My point is that both earn their livelihood through racing success. The J boat crewmen got their checks and bonuses at the end of the week and the boatbuilder gets his through more orders at the end of the month.

Let's take the simple case of a sailmaker and a wealthy weekend yachtsman. They are locked in a hot battle for an offshore season championship. Both have driven their boats very hard through the summer. At midseason they are still tied in points, but both of their No. 1 genoas are growing tired from the struggle; these jibs must be replaced. The Simon-pure amateur yachtsman buys a new jib for $1,000. To be in this game he must be fairly wealthy. His income is probably taxed by the government at a rate over 50%. To pay for this $1,000 jib he must really earn over $2,000.

On the other hand, the sailmaker builds his own new jib at cost. This would probably work out at around $750. For him, this jib is a legitimate endeavor to develop new business through success and to further refine his product. Thus he charges the cost to his corporation as a business expense. If his corporation is prosperous, as it must be if he is playing in this league, the corporate entity pays a tax on 48% of its net earnings. This makes 48% of his new jib a tax saving and

Adams was well into his 80s at that time, but still as sharp on the wind as any man I have met. All of these great helmsmen in one small club made the Cohasset Season Championship a very fierce affair. As I was the youngest by many years, I had by far the most to learn, but the pieces of sundry knowledge that make up a racing sailor started to fall in place, and I went on to win the national championship of the 210 class that summer.

That first cherished championship led to many other triumphs and perhaps an equal number of disheartening defeats over years during which I have sailed all manner of craft, sometimes under bright sunshine, but more often, it seems to me in reflection, under a black cloud as persistent as that which haunts Al Capp's comic-strip character Joe Btfsplk. The cloud was there in 1961 and 1966 when I sailed to heartbreaking second-place finishes in the North American senior championships; it was there in 1962 when I spent a stormy and frustrating season as skipper of the would-be America's Cup defender *Nefertiti*, it was there in 1963 when I lost the 5.5-meter world championships for failing to read the fine print. But, cloud or no cloud, if a boat sails I will sail in it, for I love all boats, and, like many a perverse parent, I love best those that have troubled me most. Take, for example, my beautiful, fleet *Tara*.

Tara was conceived in compassion, constructed in confusion and has been followed ever since by that black cloud that haunts us both. But to explain I must step back a pace, to a gloomy windblown night in October of 1963 at Bill Luders' home in the hills of Connecticut. The world appeared then to have closed in on Bill and me. That very afternoon we had been dismissed from the world championship of the 5.5-meter class while winning. It had been our own fault for not noticing a section of the racing instructions forbidding hauling without permission, but that only made the hurt worse. To add to the depression, Bill had just taken a telephone call that cast a pall of doubt on his hopes of building a 12-meter for the following summer's America's Cup defense. It was a night to be with friends, and the conversation, as ever, came back to boats, new and old. Perhaps as a distraction, I outlined my views on a larger and more livable version of Bill's own famed *Storm*, a version that would be yawl-rigged and around 55 feet. Bill brought forth a pencil and pad, and very soon our words became sketches. Before the night was through I commissioned Bill to draw these sketches into a yacht. A few weeks later Luders' sketches arrived at my office, on the same morning that my company discovered a sizable gas well in southern Alberta. Feeling flush with success *continued*

reduces his actual out-of-pocket cost for this season-winning jib to a net of $390. The ratio of net cost is better than 5 to 1 in favor of the sailmaker. In dollar reality the sailmaker can afford to build five jibs and pick the deck, selling off his discards at reasonable prices to come out whole. How can any amateur compete against such weighted odds? He cannot. With the best of his five jibs, the sailmaker goes on to win the season's championship. He receives his trophy to the standing applause of the people who paid for it both ways. The trophy is used in his next round of advertising. This is the state of amateurism in yachting today.

I grow weary of reading the yachting periodicals that herald the nautical triumphs of those involved in the commercial aspects of this sport. These people *should* win. The argument is advanced, in support of the status quo, that the boatbuilder, designer, winchmaker and sailmaker offer competitive leadership and advancement to the sport. This is true. They should. They earn their livelihood by selling products that you and I have to buy with hard dollars.

I propose that amateurism should be defined, not in terms of dollars actually exchanged for services on the race course, but in terms of how livelihood is earned in relation to racing activities. One way might be to prohibit any racer with commercial ties from using his own products in amateur competition. This might clarify his true motivation for racing. If he is out there truly for the sport, it shouldn't matter terribly that he has to use others' gear purchased on the same basis as his sailing rivals. The competition will be as keen or perhaps more so.

I can already hear the howl of protest—that this "others' gear" proposal would impede the development of better products in this sport. Perhaps it might. I think there is a further solution that would permit the "pro" to develop his product under objective racing conditions, keep the competition just as keen and still give the amateur the incentive to compete. This proposal would be to set up a development prize within each major fleet. Only the amateur could qualify for the traditional overall, or fleet, prize. If certain people truly believe there is something in this argument to protect development, the sensible and honest solution would be to make the development prize cash. There is nothing that will develop a sport faster than green American money.

An apparent loophole in this proposal is that those involved commercially would immediately start a system of swapping, at cost, among their own coterie. This is not as much of a loophole as it might appear, for several reasons. The first is that the members of this new fraternity would be buying at perhaps a 30% discount, but on a hard posttax-dollar basis. If they purchased on anything but a posttax basis, yachting rules would draw enforcement from one of the great police forces of the world, the Internal Revenue Service. On his next audit it is going to be very hard for Boatbuilder A to justify the purchase of sails from Sailmaker B and winches from Winchmaker C to race in Boatbuilder D's boat as a tax deduction.

Another aspect of why gear-swapping won't be such a loophole is the makeup of the people involved. Most were excellent yacht racers before they became involved commercially. They have come into the industry with the conviction that they could build a better product, and they take sincere pride in what they sell. The availability of a clearly designated development sector in any fleet should be of tremendous appeal to them. Developers will have official records of their products' competitive performance, and no one suffers the social stigma of being termed a "pro." As bigger corporations diversify into boat-building, it might even lead to factory teams. I think this is perfectly fine, but let's all play the game with the same size chips and cards or set up a means within the sport for this to be treated more equitably. I think if our North American Yacht Racing Union could adopt this development alternative, and with it an expression of intent as to pretax racing and reciprocity, then the sport will take a tremendous stride forward. I hope they do, for I love to race against the best, but on even terms at the start.

I love yacht racing enough to want to see the hulls and the helmsmen, the sails and the rigs, the crews and the courses, and even the committees, ever grow and improve. I also want to see yacht racing remain a sport.

and loving the Luders lines, I authorized Bill to go ahead.

With everything set, we asked for bids, and a shipyard on an island called Norderney, in the North Sea off the coast of West Germany, put in the lowest. I asked Luders how there could be such a difference in the bids and was told that the yard was away from the mainland with very low labor costs. The work was good, however, and I was taken into the Luders yard to view two Norderney-built yachts by way of proof. They looked just fine to me, and so in February 1964 I found myself signing a construction contract and sending over a 25% deposit to Norderney.

I almost lost track of *Tara* in the ensuing year, which passed in a blurred whirl of Olympic trials, the Games in Japan and my engagement and marriage to Ann Louise. Back home from a skiing honeymoon in February 1965, however, I grew concerned, *Tara* was scheduled for delivery in a month, and there was no request for a second progress payment. Luders launched a barrage of letters. No answer. A month passed, and the letters were followed by demanding telegrams. No reply. In mid-April, by happenstance, I met Paul Wolter, the German-speaking captain of Tom Watson's *Palawan*. I asked him to call the builder, whom he knew from the old days, the first chance he got.

I remember that day well, for spring had come in its glory to Boston. I walked down the Hill and across the Gardens to my office, enjoying it all. The trees had come to hud, the squirrels scurried about and the newly painted swan boats were being launched. It was a day to think of boats, and on my desk was a notice to call Bill Luders. I anxiously did so, only to hear him say, "John, I've got the worst news. The workmen have been dismissed, and the creditors have taken over the yard in Norderney. There's been little done on your boat. The lines are down and a few frames bent, but that's all." I hung up, stunned.

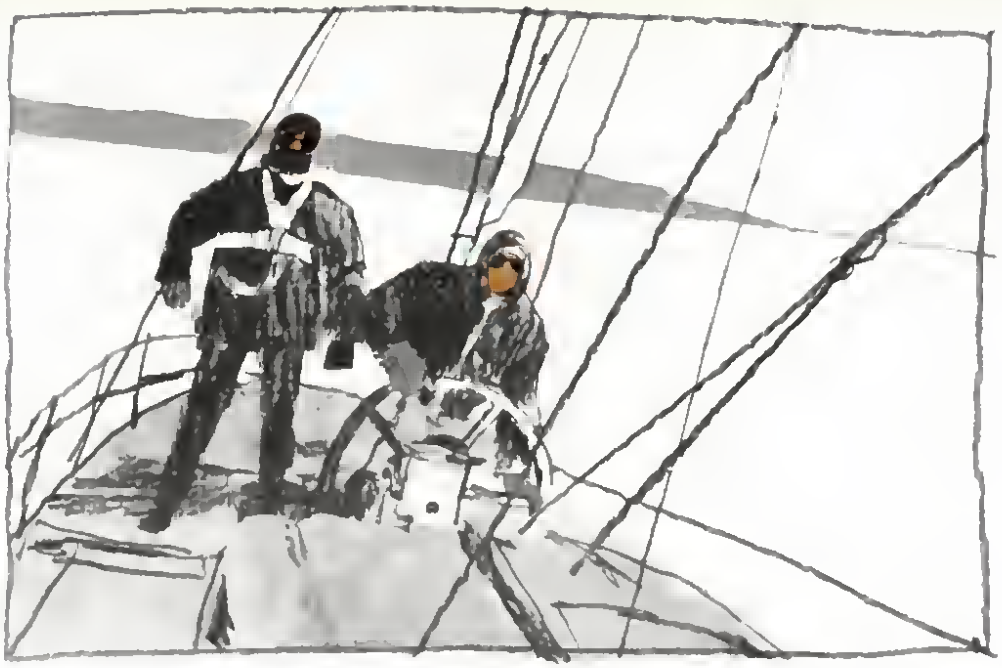
Within the hour, I was on the phone to Herbert Scholl, a sailing friend who lives in Hamburg. I told him to get me the best lawyer he knew and that I would be over on the night flight. Bright and early the next morning I stepped off the Lufthansa jet into the waiting arms of my friend. Scholl had his personal lawyer in tow and, after a brief introduction, lent me his big Mercedes for the drive to Norderney. On the tedious stretch of *Autobahn* I became better acquainted with my new attorney, Dr. Jürgen Westphal. He was a slight, bespectacled gentleman, neatly dressed, with an excellent command of English.

By 8 o'clock the next morning we were knocking on the door of the builder's office. The confrontation was most unpleasant, because when he opened the door I knew he was a broken man. His shoulders were bent, his hair disheveled and his jaw two days away from a razor. The clarity of his blue eyes was gone in a wash of fatigue and worry. In a burst of clipped German, Dr. Westphal made formal demand for restitution of my $15,000. The builder replied with a silent palms-up shrug and went on with a request that we meet with his lawyer at our hotel in an hour.

At the meeting, the builder's lawyer had a proposal. The yard would build my yacht at direct cost of labor and materials. The shed would be furnished, and there would be no profit. I gave no reaction to this proposal and demanded to know where my monies had gone. There unfolded a long, sad tale of extra costs in the building of the new shed, compounded by owners refusing to pay for work when done. Not all was lost. The builder still had the winches, depth finder and speed indicators that I had purchased independently. They were hidden in his attic. Because all the other owners were building in steel, the two aluminum-welding machines purchased for the construction of *Tara* remained unattached. On the other hand, the English engine ordered for the boat sat unpaid for in German customs, and the aluminum for the frames had been repossessed by the wholesaler. To reassemble such a disjointed mess presented a formidable task for the most experienced boatbuilder, but for me to do so on a lonely island, where I spoke not a word of the language, under the shadow of the yard's bankruptcy, seemed insurmountable. I posed a long series of questions as to the availability of workers and supplies, the timing of work space on the shed floor, the costs of labor and materials and what legal protection was available. I well remembered the experience of a friend in Maine when a yard went bankrupt with his new yacht about to be launched. He wound up a general creditor, even though his contract specifically stated the yacht successively became his as the work progressed. Dr. Westphal said this could not happen in Germany if the materials were clearly marked with the yacht owner's name. I needed more time to think and told the builder to come back for my final decision late in the day.

By the evening meeting I was still undecided and had Dr. Westphal put the yard owner through further interrogation. After pondering his answers I had Westphal draw the builder's proposal and estimate, along with my schedule, into a legal agreement. The document also encompassed the yard owner's responsibility for furnishing space, power and workers, and concluded with an agreement that waived none of my rights to action under the original contract if he failed to live up to the letter of this new one. I am uncertain that this would have stood up in court, but it did offer a certain form of club. The agreement also gave me ownership of two welding machines, the metal-cutting shears, the ventilation system of the shed and a second mortgage on the building. That this is not the way to build a yacht is certain. As a result of it, I am now a German landholder.

Westphal worked through the night on this rather complicated document and had it ready by breakfast. The builder and his lawyer then came around for the signing and notarization of the agreement. I couldn't even read it, but it was drawn by my own lawyer so I signed it. The builder heaved a visible sigh of relief. He reached across for my hand, and I shook his rather stiffly. I had taken the only route out that was readily available. If I was to have *Tara*, it all hinged now on the builder's good faith.



With our usual luck, the wind was right on the nose, strong and cold

My troubles were just beginning, but I didn't know it.

We took the big Mercedes back on the morning ferry and drove on to Hamburg. To bring me cheer, the Scholls took me off for a weekend's deer hunting on the baronial estate of Dietrich Fischer, the president of the German Yacht Racing Union. Afterwards I set about buying my confiscated aluminum for a second time.

Herbert Scholl lent me a helping hand, and my repurchased aluminum started down the long Hamburg-Norden road in a bread truck. Meanwhile I sat down to write long letters to Luders and my Boston office. I desperately needed to get my boat captain, Jay Parker, over from Marblehead as soon as possible. He spoke less German than I, but knew more of boats and building. I looked forward to seeing a Yankee yacht captain running a Frisian Island boatworks. Besides, I very much wanted to get home to my bride and my business.

On Dr. Westphal's instructions, Scholl's secretary attended to one small but vital detail of my new enterprise. She had a rubber stamp made up for marking all our gear that read EIGENTUM HERR J. MC NAMARA, BOSTON, U.S.A. It was done in a day and sent along with a large pad of indelible red ink. I winced at the color.

Jay Parker arrived at Hamburg on schedule, and it was a pleasure to see his familiar face. After a round of introductions to my friend and lawyer we set out for Norderney, where Jay took command of the situation. In early May I happily returned to Boston after three weeks abroad, knowing matters were in competent hands.

From then on I received periodic bulletins from Jay reporting now progress, now setback. But finally, on a happy Friday, Sept. 24, 1965, I received a telegram: TARA LAUNCHED, 11 A.M.

She departed for Bremerhaven five days later and on the shifting sands in a thick fog ran hard aground the first night out.

Tara's black cloud must have been hanging there in the sky just beyond the fog that night, and it has never left her since. To show you what I mean, I offer the following items from the *Tara* log for the 1966 summer season. They cannot fail to be of interest as an analysis of how a modern ocean racer should not be run.

After the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit, *Tara* started north for spring racing on the Sound. She made a quick offshore passage to Morehead City, N.C. (April 30, 1966). My family and I flew down to join her for a tranquil passage to New York. She made an uneventful trip up the Intracoastal Waterway and into the Chesapeake (May 1). At Norfolk, the weather prediction was for heavy northeasterlies, so we elected to go up the Chesapeake, through the ship canal and down the Delaware. Halfway up the Chesapeake, the wind came in strong, northwest, right on the nose. This made heavy going of it but left us with the anticipation of a fair passage down the Delaware. As we came into the Delaware, the wind came around east right on the nose but light. When the wind dropped to almost nothing the mainshaft thrust bearing decided it was time to burn out. This left us without power to beat around Cape May against a foul tide. We went into Cape May to see if a yard might have a spare bearing. Not a chance, and the freight shipment down from Philadelphia would take two days. I decid-

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ed to sail on to New York (May 3). As soon as we cleared Cape May the wind backed into the northwest, puffy and cold. That made New York City to windward, the entire length of New Jersey. We pounded into it for a night and a day and were rewarded with a memorable sail up the East River. Through Hell Gate the wind was against us in very tight quarters, but for once the tide was fair.

The night of May 4 we put into a reputable yacht yard at City Island, bedded *Tara* down in a hurry and hustled for the last shuttle to Boston. Out of consideration for the owner, the yard will remain nameless. We had a five-week, $1,000-per-week charter commencing in another week. The yard mechanics diagnosed the problem, but they couldn't get to it for another week because of the press of spring launchings. On May 9 my professional captain quit in disgust. I called the charterer and told him the boat would be a week late. He was most understanding, having owned many boats himself. By the 16th the yard got around to the repair. Out went the thrust bearing and in went a yard-designed coupling. I was calling the yard owner daily, since it was costing me money two ways: repair bills and lost charters. He was very understanding, too, and did his best. They finished the job on the 21st, and *Tara* went happily off to Oyster Bay on charter. The new coupling broke down on the 22nd, and back went *Tara* to the yard.

The charterer was still most understanding. The yard owner assured me that he would fix the coupling with heavier bolts and we would not have any more problems. They finished the job on the 27th, and she went back on charter in the Block Island Race. By *Tara* standards, it was a successful trip. She didn't need power, and there was only one disaster in three days. She had a collision with another vessel in the fog and destroyed the bow pulpit. Things were improving. The new coupling lasted for two days after the race. It let go while she was over at Stamford getting fuel. By now even my yard friend was upset. He had Bill Luders, *Tara*'s designer, come over to look and consult. The new diagnosis was that the engine had to be removed and an entire new shaft installed.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT M CUNNINGHAM

The liquid ooze of Boston Harbor is not good for swimming.

She was towed back to City Island. This time the New York yard was going to do the job right, once and for all. A new direct shaft and new bearings were installed. The engine was lifted, and the German rubber mounts were replaced with new metal mountings. The engine was realigned and carefully checked. The yard assured me my troubles were over. On June 16, six weeks and $3,000 plus several charter-losses later, *Tara* set off for the start of the Bermuda Race. We made the start with half a day to spare. On June 19, the first day at sea, while the engine was generating electricity, it jumped completely off its new engine bed.

Bermuda, in the aftermath of the ocean race, is a hopeless place to get anything mechanical attended to. By chance, my yard-operator friend from New York finished soon after us on another boat. This gave me the opportunity of expressing my pleasure at the sound and thorough job his men did. He told me to get the job fixed right and deduct it from his bill. I thought this fair. However, as you will see from succeeding events, I am still in a quandary over what to deduct.

A repair mechanic in Bermuda rebolted the mountings, and we started back for Marblehead. The Bermuda mechanic was honest. He didn't think the job would last. He was right. The second day at sea the engine again jumped off its mounts. This time it did a thorough job of bending the new shaft and mucking up the gears of the new transmission. *Tara* has taught me self-reliance. We made a four-and-a-half-day passage to Marblehead under sail.

It would be nice to report that we finally got everything fixed up fine and that *Tara* has never given us a moment of trouble since, but that would not be either my story or *Tara*'s. Two months after the Bermuda I was gloomily driving back to Boston in my car after losing the Mallory Cup finals to Bill Cox at Riverside, Conn. *Tara* was at sea in the care of the redoubtable Hovey family, who knew her foibles as well as I. When I arrived at my office my secretary informed me that the Coast Guard rescue office had called and that *Tara* was sinking off Minot's Light in the middle of Massachusetts Bay. Several hours later, still miraculously afloat, *Tara* was safely lashed to the Tringale shipyard dock in East Boston, but the tide had ebbed too far for a hauling that day. My Labor Day weekend was off to a typical start.

Somehow the Lord lets a boat owner build up a protective shell against the absurd, and by then I was an armor-plated veteran. For some subconscious reason I even had a filled aqualung in my office. Why would anyone keep an aqualung in an oil-exploration office? You would have to own *Tara* for several months to even approach an understanding. I took my gear over to East Boston for the pleasurable task of swimming under the boat and locating the trouble. The liquid ooze of Boston Harbor is the least attractive

place in the world to swim. I plunged in with a gasp and found the visibility limited to a turgid foot. Groping down the rudder post, I located the problem more by feel than by sight. Somehow the joining collar on the "trouble-free," New York-installed coupling had vibrated loose. This let the propeller work forward on its own thrust, and it had neatly buzzed three-inch-long gaps on the joining welds of the propeller aperture.

When I swam back to the surface Carmen Tringale handed me some malleable putty, principally used for filling cracks in swimming pools. After working strips of this putty into the cracks, I shoved the propeller forward on centerline to hold the mass in place. We then wired the shaft down in this forward position to insure the propeller's staying put. I scrambled back to Beacon Hill to shower for an hour.

The next morning, held afloat with swimming-pool putty and baling wire, *Tara* set forth to race for the Boston Yacht Club's Gould Cup off Marblehead. With her usual luck, the wind was right on the nose, strong and cold out of the northeast.

The Gould Cup is a two-day cumulative series, the cup going to the yacht with the lowest corrected-time total for the two races. Catastrophe somehow held off long enough for us to win Saturday's race. The next day, Sunday, some heavy southerly squalls came through, with winds up to 35 knots. There was no provision in the race circular for a one-day postponement, but the Boston Race Committee decided to postpone, anyway. This annoyed me no end, for it was an obvious big-boat day. The race was advertised for ocean-going yachts, and for most of the summer in the smooth, light going the little boats had had things all their own way. Along comes a heavy day when the little ones have to pay the price of their smooth-water victories, and the race committee protects them from the big bullies. I ran up "The race committee is chicken" in international code flags and left it flying all day. That's called public relations.

The following day we went out for the second and, in my opinion, illegal race. In the cockpit discussion on the way out, my beloved Ann Louise ("Charlie Brown" on *Tara*) learned we had a 17-minute lead going into this race. Because of the surplus, she decided this was her day to skipper. She had put up with *Tara* all year and since you can't fight city hall, especially if you like to eat, I handed her the wheel and stationed myself by the mainsheet.

It is amazing what the power of a wheel does to people. Charlie Brown drew herself up to full height and took command in a loud, squeaky voice. "O.K., you guys, I've listened to a lot of stuff all summer long. You're going to shape up or ship out."

The starting guns commenced. The brave captain whispered, "Donny, Donny, what do I do?" I quietly told her, and she let go in a shrill bellow, "All right, you guys, ready about." With beginner's luck it worked out all right. *Tara* picked off two competitors at the weather end of the starting line, shoving them well above it. Following instructions, our helmswoman was happily shouting, "Get out! Get out!"—looking, however, in the wrong direction.

Tara got to the Boston Lightship a close first, after a wind shift, but opened enough of a lead by tacking downwind to have her handicap well in hand going into the last reach home. This leg was from the Newcombs Ledge Whistle off Bakers Island to the Tinkers Island Bell off Marblehead. The light southerly wind in which we raced all day was dropping slowly with the lowering sun. Close to Marblehead Neck a new nor'wester was starting to poke out. Between the two winds was a mile-wide belt of glossy water. I studied the problem through binoculars and concluded that the nor'wester, being a pressure-pattern breeze, would be the survivor. To get into it, we had to tack away from course and work our way through the belt of calms.

Our competitors came around Newcombs behind us and happily reached along for the finish in the last of the southerly. For a while it looked as though they would beat *Tara* to the line. The frowns in our cockpit turned to smiles when the calm belt moved slowly offshore and grasped our rivals two miles short of the line, leaving them dead in the water. Inshore, *Tara* had worked herself into the new wind. Charlie Brown had her sliding along beautifully just on the ridge of it. It required very delicate steering, but she handled it well, and we came up on the finish line doing over four knots as our offshore rivals sat becalmed.

The line was parallel to our course, requiring a tack to cross. Charlie Brown took *Tara* by the committee boat and swung her slowly into the wind. They gave us the winning gun, and Charlie Brown shrieked with glee—but just for an instant. Our foredeck crew, with unusual efficiency, had been tying the skirt of the jib along the rail to catch the last gasp of wind. When we made that final tack someone forgot to untie the skirt. Our jib backed hard, stopping the boat dead half across the line and very close to the committee boat. I couldn't turn on the engine or we would sink. Inexorably, the tide took us down on the committee boat, and there wasn't a damn thing we could do about it. *Tara* fouled out having won the Gould Cup. Poor Charlie Brown was in tears, for it was her first race and she had sailed it beautifully. To add insult to injury, our finish extended the time limit an hour, enabling the second boat to get across with but three minutes to spare.

After the Charlie Brown Memorial Race, *Tara* came out of the water for six weeks of repair and polish in East Boston. The engine and transmission, having been thoroughly submerged, were hauled out of the boat and completely rebuilt. The mountings inserted in New York were studied by Mr. Tringale, the yard owner, who concluded they were all wrong. And so they were taken out, and solid new aluminum mounts were welded in. We also ripped out some of the original interior and set about making the interior look more like a yacht.

This time all *Tara*'s problems were to be solved by professionals. *Tara* was repainted, inside and out. The sails were

continued

Who says things are changing?

"I do. I'm Bernie Ammons. The Air Force taught me to be an electronics technician. After the service, I worked my way up to become a technical writer for missiles systems. It hasn't been easy. But it can be done."

Things are changing. In the next 5 years 8 000 000 good jobs will open up for Whites Negroes Puerto Ricans, Mexican Americans, everyone. To get one get a skill.

sent off for a seam check. The overhauled engine came back painted fire-engine red, the color I insisted on in retribution for what it had done to my checkbook. A new American Paragon transmission was installed and everything checked, aligned and bedded down with micrometers. For two days the engine was test run in the water. Carmen Tringale is a man who likes to do a job right. There were still certain speeds that caused slight vibration, but I was informed that these were inherent in any diesel, especially one mounted in a rigid, metal hull. All our problems were over, and we set forth for the Chesapeake, full of hope, on Oct. 20. That left nine days to get to the Skippers Race in Annapolis.

We made an uneventful two-day passage to Long Island Sound. Then on the second night, off New Haven, the new coupling shaft, joining the transmission to the main shaft, sheared off clean.

Three nights later Carmen Tringale got me out of bed at home to tell me he hadn't slept for two nights worrying about what went wrong. He had checked with every diesel expert available and thought he had a slim clue. Since the engine had cracked the forward welds of its new mounts, this indicated to him that the source of the vibration problem must be at the opposite end, the back half, where the flywheel is. This was the only item on the rebuilding job that had not been checked. No one ever checks a flywheel balance. It is usually done once by the manufacturer, and that is that.

I called my captain at Annapolis and had him send out the flywheel for balance testing. It was worth the try, like $1,000 vs. $5,000. Sure enough, the report came back that the flywheel was 1.4 foot-pounds out at 500 rpm and three times as bad farther up the scale. Tringale told me this was enough force to lift the front end of a Cadillac off the road at 50 mph. The British had paid back the Germans by sending over an unbalanced flywheel on a tractor engine. They got an Irishman along the way.

Well, anyway, 11 months and $14,000 later *Tara*'s engine has been laid to rest. Now, each day that passes without a phone call I heave a sigh of relief. But I know it can't last. **END**

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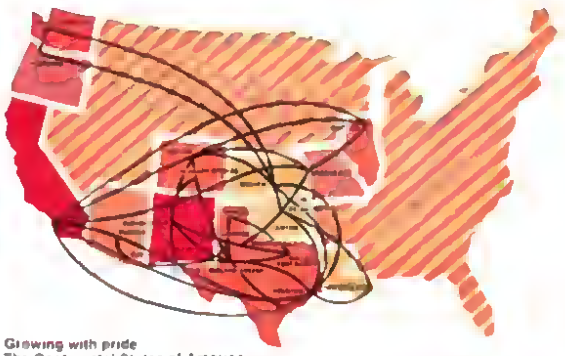

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

ST. LOUIS (5-1) responded to challenges by its most persistent rivals by winning five straight games and taking a three-and-a-half-game lead over second-place CHICAGO (3-4). The Cubs had moved into a first-place tie by beating the Cards in the first game of their three-game series in Busch Stadium, but the Cardinals rallied to beat the Cubs twice and take three straight from the Braves. About the only thing the Cardinals lost was their bus driver, who did not show up in time to drive the team back to its hotel in Atlanta. So Relief Pitcher Joe Hoerner took the wheel, opened the door to let Curt Flood get out so he could ride safely in a taxi and then bused the players to the hotel—hitting only a no-exit sign en route. Although the Cubs lost one game because of some base-running derring-do, they won another when Ted Savage scored from first base on a bunt. Manager Leo Durocher benched Outfielder Adolfo Phillips after Phillips, who had gone 0 for 12 and had been in a general slump the last three weeks, put a thermometer into his mouth, studied the calculations and decided he had a fever.

Strong pitching blunted ATLANTA's (2-4) batting power, but the Braves' Pat Jarvis beat the Reds and Gary Nolan 1-0 with a two-hitter. Manager Billy Hitchcock recently gave Jarvis a book titled *Psycho-Cybernetics* that urges putting mind over matter. "I didn't know what it meant," said Jarvis later. "I'm not a nut like that pitcher who used to get hypnotized. But it helped me. Besides I'm as good as Veale and Nolan and Maloney." The 1-0 loss was a typical game for Nolan, CINCINNATI's (3-4) 19-year-old right-hander. In five of his last six games he permitted an average of only one run, but meanwhile the Reds averaged only a run a game for him. "If Gary had the runs they've scored for me," said Red Pitcher Mel Queen, "he'd be about 16 and two right now." Instead, Nolan is eight and four. Pitchers Jim Maloney and Sammy Ellis continued to fail, and Outfielder Floyd Robinson replaced Tommy Harper on the disabled list. The Reds' injury hex reached a climax when Coach Whitey Wietelmann injured his leg in the dugout and had to have an operation for a blood clot. SAN FRANCISCO (3-3) was 51-49 after 100 games, the Giants' worst record at that point since 1960. The team had lost 10 of 14 before Juan Marichal and Gaylord Perry, who together have won 20 and lost 21, beat PHILADELPHIA (2-5). The Phillies made 11 errors and left 48 on base in six games. HOUSTON's (7-1) new batting coach, deposed PITTSBURGH (2-5) Manager Harry Walker, smiled when the Astros beat the Pirates three straight, scoring 20 runs. The Pirates used to fight with Walker, now they are fighting among themselves—Manny Jiminez and Juan Pizarro were fined $150 each for dugout fisticuffs. NEW YORK (1-6) used three catchers on one play against the Dodgers, and when the surviving receiver, Jerry Grote, later was ejected from the game, the Mets had to use Outfielder Tommy Reynolds behind the plate. The Mets eventually lost the game on a passed ball. With LOS ANGELES (6-1) wallowing in eighth place, attendance at Dodger Stadium was down more than 300,000 for 44 dates.

Standings: StL 61 40, Chi 58-44, Cin 55-49, Atl 51 47, SF 53 50, Pitt 49 50, Phil 47 51, LA 46 54, Hou 45 59, NY 39 60

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It was still a five-team pennant race (*page 14*), although WASHINGTON (5-3) was threatening to make it six. The Senators won three out of four games from the Angels for a string of 17 victories in 23 games. Frank Howard hit a 460-foot home run and had 10 hits and 10 RBIs in five games. "I know I'd like to hit .275, but that's not always possible," said Howard. Catcher Paul Casanova hit a grand slam against the Angels, while Pitcher Phil Ortega won his seventh straight, Joe Coleman his fourth before finally losing. Part of Coleman's recent success can be attributed to Joe Sr., a former major league pitcher, who told his son to start brushing back the hitters. CLEVELAND (3-3) traded Rocky Colavito to the White Sox even though Colavito was the leading vote-getter in a poll to determine the Most Popular Indian. The Indians' Tony Horton handed the Orioles' Moe Drabowsky his first loss in two years when he led off the 12th inning with a long home run. Frank Robinson returned to the BALTIMORE (2-3) lineup after missing 28 games. In five trips to the plate he struck out twice, grounded out, singled and walked. "I don't feel I can play every day," Frank said, "because the ball still looks like it's hobbing up and down." The Orioles, nevertheless, continued to lose. KANSAS CITY (3-4) and NEW YORK (4-2) waged germ warfare as they battled for last place. A swarm of gnats invaded Yankee Stadium before one Athletic-Yankee game, and the A's trainer, Billy Jones, ran around the field spraying the arms and faces of his players from a bottle of insect repellent. The A's won one game when Catcher Phil Roof, who was not even hitting .200 for the year, hit a home run. Mickey Mantle saved the Yankees from another imminent defeat with a two-out home run in the bottom of the ninth that tied the Twins 1-1 just before a cloudburst called off the game.

Standings: Chi 57 42, Bos 55 44, Det 53-45, Minn 53 46, Cal 55 49, Wash 51 53, Clev 46 55, Balt 45 54, NY 44 55, KC 43 59

HIGHLIGHT

Around the National League, Gene Mauch, the volatile manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, has a reputation for baiting opposing players with a steady flow of unprintable verbiage that is designed to needle, anger and, in short, distract the players from the job at hand—beating the Phillies. Mauch was at his blue best last week in the Astrodome as he directed his fire at Mike Cuellar of Houston, who was pitching a one-hit shutout against the Phils and leading 1-0 as the ninth inning began. "He was calling me a very bad name," said Cuellar. "I no take that from any man." Cuellar started toward the Philadelphia dugout, which was exactly what Mauch wanted. Out of the dugout he charged, hoping for a fight that would get them both tossed out of the game. After all, what more can a manager do for his team than to personally get rid of an opposing pitcher who is throwing a one-hit shutout? But Eddie Mathews, Houston's battle-wise third baseman, was alert to the situation. As Mauch approached, Mathews scooped him up on the short hop (*right*), and the fight was prevented. Still, the incident seemed to have rattled Cuellar, who gave up a run. Then Mauch opened up again, and again Cuellar started for the Phillie dugout. But Mathews was still on guard and there was no fight. Much to Mauch's disgust, Houston won the game 2-1 in the 11th. "There are limits as far as name-calling is concerned," said Mathews later, reflecting a view held by many a major leaguer. "I respect Mauch's right to agitate, but you can't call people any name you want and expect them to take it. I think he stepped over the boundaries this time." Replied Mauch: "All I was trying to do was win the game." No doubt. But the question is: Does the end justify the means?

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

ARCHERY—The U S defeated Sweden 6,816 to 6,726 for the men's team title at the four-day World Archery Championships in Amersfoort, The Netherlands, as RAY ROGERS, a Cherokee Indian from Muskogee, Okla., won individual honors with 2,298 points, 15 ahead of Brilon J t Dixon POLAND, led by MARIA MACZYNSKA's 2,240 points, swept the first three places in the women's competition to beat the U S team, 6 686 to 6,455

BOATING—With Briggs Cunningham at the helm, COLUMBIA, California's 12-meter contender in the America's Cup trials, scored a surprising 3 10 victory over chief rival *Intrepid* for the Caritas Cup in the New York Yacht Club regatta. She completed the 22-mile triangular Newport Harbor course in 6 03 05

BOXING Thailand's world flyweight champion CHARTCHAI CHINOI, in the first defense of his title since winning it last December, retained his crown with a third round knockout over countryman Punthip Keosuriya, eighth-ranked 112-pound contender, in a 15-rounder in Bangkok

Jamaican MILO CALHOUN took the British Empire middleweight championship—left vacant when Blair Richardson retired last June—with a unanimous 12-round decision over Jimmy Meilleur in Glance Bay, N S

HARNESS RACING Driven by Billy Haughton, 1-2 favorite CARLISLE ($3) finished a nose ahead of Governor Armbro beaten for the eighth straight time, before the season's largest crowd (35,128) in the mile-and-a-sixteenth $88,664 Realization Trot for 4-year-olds at Roosevelt Raceway

HORSE RACING—STRAIGHT DEAL ($7.20), Mrs Ethel D Jacobs 5-year-old daughter of Hail to Reason, gave Jockey Bobby Ussery his second victory in the 30-year-old $118,275 Delaware Handicap with a one-and three-quarter-length win over Emanuel Muttman's Malhoa in the mile-and-a-quarter run for fillies and mares

With Braulio Baeza aboard, QUEEN OF THE STAGE ($2.40) remained unbeaten as she edged New Jersey-bred Cockey Miss by half a length at Monmouth Park to take the six-furlong $103,650 Sorority Stakes for 2-year-old fillies

Rokeby Stable's 3 year-old gelding, FORT MARCY ($7), ridden by Ron Turcotte, outran eight other turf specialists in the mile-and-an-eighth $57,900 Tidal Handicap at Aqueduct and won by three lengths over Dunderhead, while the Fourth Estate Stable's favorite and leading contender for the 1967 grass course title, War Censor, finished a disappointing sixth

HILL CLOWN ($9.80), carrying 20 pounds less than favored Pretense, with Willie Shoemaker up, scored a three-quarter-length upset victory for only his sixth win in 37 starts in the mile-and-a-half $108,500 Sunset Handicap at Hollywood Park

PAN-AMERICAN GAMES—At week's end, with a record field of 3,000 competitors from 28 nations, the results were very much as expected in Winnipeg, Man (*page 20*). U S athletes gained 66 gold, 36 silver and 25 bronze medals with still another week of competition remaining and widening hopes of surpassing their 1963 Games total of 109 first-place wins. On land, U S teams were leading in every event but baseball cycling weight lifting and field hockey. The men's and women's basketball and volleyball teams moved into the final rounds, while the wrestlers completed a clean sweep of eight finals and the gymnastics squads won 10 out of a possible 14 gold medals, with Linda Jo Methany placing first in five events and third overall. The shooting team set a world record in the English rifle-match competition with 2,379 points. In tennis the U S won the women's doubles and lost the men's and both singles events, while in track the U S. lost just the 100 meters to Canada's Harry Jerome. In the newly built $2.7 million Pan-American Pool, the Yanks drowned their rivals with six world records and more than twice as many gold medals, as California's 14-year-old DEBBIE MEYER of Sacramento scored a double, with world marks in the 400- and 800-meter freestyles (4 32 6, 9 22 9). MARK SPITZ, 17, of Santa Clara, Calif. won the 200-meter butterfly (2 06 4), KEN WALSH, 22, of East Lansing, Mich. the 100-meter freestyle (52 6), DON SCHOLLANDER, 21, of Saratoga, Calif. the 200-meter freestyle (1 56), and, CLAUDIA KOLB, 17, of Santa Clara, Calif. the 200-meter individual medley (2 26 1). Canada's 16-year-old ELAINE TANNER was the other double winner, providing her country (now second in swimming competition) with two world records—in the 100- and 200-meter backstrokes (1 07.3 and 2 24 5)

SOCCER—NPSL BALTIMORE (136) strengthened its lead in the Eastern Division to 24 points as the Bays won 3–2 over Los Angeles with Brazilian Fernando Alzevedo scoring the winning goal (his seventh of the season) with 40 seconds remaining. tied New York and lost to Chicago ATLANTA (112), holding second place, played a 1–1 draw with Philadelphia, while NEW YORK (105) dropped a 3 2 game to St Louis, then tied Baltimore 3–3 to creep up to third place. PITTSBURGH (104) lost to the Spartans. PHILADELPHIA (102) beat the Phantoms 4–1 with three first-half goals, and then tied the Chiefs, to remain entrenched in the cellar for the third consecutive week. In the Western Division OAKLAND (145) retained its 21-point lead with a 9–0 victory over second-place ST. LOUIS (124), which split two. CHICAGO (102) beat Baltimore 3–1 before its largest home-game crowd (7,243) and moved ahead of LOS ANGELES (101), which had two losses, and TORONTO (92) clung to last place in spite of a 6–1 victory over the Toros

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED. From professional football, former Notre Dame Quarterback and Heisman Trophy Winner PAUL HORNUNG, 31, because of neck injuries suffered in a game last season. Hornung, the Golden Boy of the NFL, scored 760 points during his nine playing years with the Green Bay Packers, including 176 in 1960, to set a league record, and won Most Valuable Player honors in 1961. He went to the newly formed New Orleans Saints in the NFL expansion draft and plans to remain at their training camp in San Diego as special assistant to Coach Tom Fears

RETIRED. After 12 years of professional boxing (50-11-3), EDDIE MACHEN, 35, a top heavyweight contender who never had a shot at the title.

RETIRED. Chicago Bears' Defensive End ED O'BRADOVICH, 27, to devote full time to his job as a steel salesman in Chicago. O'Bradovich, an Illini star for two years (1959 1960), joined the Bears in 1962 and started in all 14 of their games last season

INJURED. Argentine racehorse FORLI, unbeaten in nine starts, cracked a bone in his foreleg while finishing second to Dominar in the $56,700 Citation Handicap at Arlington Park. The 4-year-old chestnut colt will be sent to Kentucky to stand at stud.

SOLD. To Canadian oil and gas tycoon Frank McMahon, the chestnut son of Raise A Native out of Gay Hostess for a record $250,000 at the 24th annual Keeneland summer sale of Thoroughbred yearlings

INDUCTED. Into the American Golf Hall of Fame JESS W. SWEETSER, U.S. Amateur Champion (1922), Walker Cup Team Captain (1965, 1967) and first American to win the British Amateur title (1926); TOM MORRIS JR., four-time holder of the Championship Belt (1868–1870, 1872) and winner of the Open Professional Tournament at the age of 16, and CECILIA LEITCH, the British, French and Canadian ladies' champion of the early 1920s

DIED. J. R. (Lud) WRAY, 73, star center for the University of Pennsylvania (1914–1916, 1919) who with Bert Bell founded the Philadelphia Eagles in 1933, at a nursing home in Philadelphia. Wray, nicknamed "Rough and Ready," coached the Eagles for their first three years in the NFL before Bell bought him out and took over as head coach

CREDITS

4—Herb Scharfman. 14—Herb Scharfman. 15–17 Walter Iooss Jr. 18—Herb Scharfman; 21, 22—James Drake. 24, 25—Eric Schweikardt; 26–29—Fred Kaplan Black Star; 39—Roy De Carava; 42, 43—Neill Iouritzen-Milwaukee Journal. 46—The Guardian, Pictorial Parade; 49—Bob Grimm. 65—AP. 66—Press Association, Paul Renshaw Kansas City Star, John Crouse, Paul Darby Daily Oklahoman, Christie Bomber Laurel News Leader

FACES IN THE CROWD

MRS. JEAN CLARKSON, a Yorkshire, England housewife who had not handled a rifle until her husband taught her seven years ago, outpointed 744 of Britain's finest shots (including her husband, Harry) to become the first woman ever to win the national small-bore title

ALAN EIKEL, 14, of Raytown, Mo., led his family in dominating the Missouri Valley AAU diving meet as he took the one- and three-meter intermediate titles. Don, 12, won the same junior events. Sandy, 11, and Patty, 9, were the one-meter girls' and midget champs

CATHY HAMBLIN, 14, a member of the Albuquerque Olympette Track Club, recorded a world's best for her age in her first attempt in the pentathlon at a New Mexico AAU men's meet with a 3,893-point total, bettering Briton Vivian Knowles's 1965 mark by 31.

DICK GENTH, a 42-year-old Miami boatbuilder, piloted his brand new yellow 28-foot powerboat, *Thunderbird IV*, to a 5 23 30 first-place finish in the 253-mile Long Island (N Y.) Marathon, beating his fellow Miamian and last year's winner, Allan Brown, by 1:30.

TERESA WEINSHILBOUM, 15, a golfer from Ponca City, Okla., won the state girls' junior title for the second consecutive year when she retained medalist honors with a three-over-par 76, then defeated last year's runner-up, Louise Stekoll, in the finals 4 and 3.

ROBERT GALLIS, a window washer from Laurel, Md. who has a 128-game average in duckpin bowling with the 240 Mixed Doubles League in Silver Spring, rolled games of 210, 149 and 190 for a world record 549, breaking Arthur Lemke's 24-year-old mark by seven pins.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FRAN'S FANS

Sirs:

New York doesn't deserve Fran Tarkenton (*Quarterback on the Run*, July 17 *et seq.*). Giant fans booed Charlie Conerly and Y.A. Tittle. So I bet that Tarkenton, despite his great ability, will get similar treatment.

EDGAR M. FRIED

South Charleston, W. Va.

SETS OFF

Sirs:

Your SCORECARD, "Unnecessary Roughness" (July 3), once again shows us a public official interested in publicity and headlines rather than the apprehending of real criminals.

In regard to Mr. William Cahn's exposé of a college coach who has allegedly been gambling on his own team, this sensational disclosure is based on wire-tapped conversations between a bettor and a bookie, one of whom is trying to justify his backing of a certain team by stating that the coach was betting himself.

Bettors and bookies alike, trying to prove that they are smart and to let everyone know that they are "in the know," drop names. A concrete example: beginning on the Wednesday before last fall's Michigan State-Notre Dame game, the point spread on Michigan State started going up from three points. The spread reached eight points right before game time. The reason for this influx of money on Notre Dame, among "the smart guys," was that the Notre Dame coach was supposed to be betting on his own team.

This rumor grew and grew, until right before game time everyone wanted to bet on Notre Dame. Of course, the Notre Dame coach, who probably never made a bet in his life, was the only one who knew that his No. 1 halfback, All-America Nick Eddy, was out of the game and wouldn't play a minute. So this is one time the boys really got fooled.

As for any college coach betting, I don't think Cahn has any information or actual proof to this effect, and I submit the question: "Why would any coach add to his woes by being so stupid as to bet?" His very life and existence depend on the outcome of every game that his team plays. Would a coach be so foolish as to add betting to the intense pressure he is working under at all times?

Being a bookie myself, I can assure you that no bookie, member of a syndicate (a much misused and abused word used by crime commissions, publicity-seekers *et al.*) or anyone else is going to pull a gun on any citizen and threaten his life, forcing said citizen to make a bet on the outcome of a sports event.

NAME WITHHELD

New Orleans

OLÉS AND WHISTLES

Sirs:

John McCormick's *Ten Toreros in Need of a Bull* (July 24) was an authoritative discussion of San Isidro, the other festivals and especially of the bulls. His style is cold, hard and with no nonsense for the uninformed, he writes for the seasoned aficionado who wants good reports of the bulls with his morning bowl of *gazpacho*. The beginner should cut out the glossary he provided, paste it on the wall and memorize it for future reviews.

Mr. McCormick's impressions, however, should not go completely unchallenged. He said, for example, that Antonio Ordoñez is "the best when he wants to be." Ordóñez is the best, period. If he has become somewhat careless with his kills, it is, as the author carefully states, because he is 35, rich and justly disdainful of a public that has become bored with his perfection and has taken cheap pop artists like El Cordobés to its heart.

When I traveled with Ordóñez' *cuadrilla* in the 1961 season through arrangement by Ernest Hemingway, Antonio was at the zenith of his career. The public loved every move he made, and he usually made the right ones. Since then, Paco Camino and El Viti have emerged stronger than ever before and Mondeño has returned, to complete the group of purists.

McCormick's account did move me, however. He looks at bullfighting from the purist's viewpoint, that of the love for the bull. This is rare. I missed Spain this year, but he brought me back for a few moments, his biased opinions notwithstanding. *Mas! Mas!*

JEFFREY LYONS

New York City

Sirs:

Two ears to SI for daring—amid an audience steeped chiefly in baseball, ice hockey and professional football—to run an article appealing to what surely must be considered a minority.

Author John McCormick also merits praise for writing straight from the hip. In other sport-oriented magazines I've read, bullfighting articles are slanted toward the uninformed American sportsman—that likable guy who might know who's on first, but who knows little of *toreo* except what he reads in slicks dedicated to boosting sales figures, not truth. McCormick ably illustrated that bullfighting is much more than blood and sand; it is man dominating the attacking instinct of brute beast, and this is a part of a rich and colorful culture.

WILLIAM L. HOWE

Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Sirs:

I cannot believe that in the U.S., where bullfighting is against the law, you would publish an article on this so-called "sport." It is horrible! How can you allow such a thing to happen? I am a charter subscriber of SI and I am ashamed!

MRS. WILLIAM WEBB SUNDERLAND

Danbury, Conn.

STRONG BODIES

Sirs:

I am writing this on behalf of the proud residents of Carle Place, N.Y.

On June 22, for the second consecutive year, the six-man team entered by our high school in competition with 2,500 schools throughout the country won the U.S. Marine Corps National Physical Fitness contest at Washington, D.C.

Since the late President Kennedy started the President's physical fitness council, schools throughout the country have been strongly stressing physical fitness in their programs. When a very small high school (450 male students) like Carle Place can win this championship it is quite an achievement for its coach, U.S. Marine Reserve Major Tom Redden, and his team of five boys and an alternate. Two Carle Place boys scored the highest in the country—Gene Cromwell, 494 out of a possible 500, and Bob Meyer, 492. The scores of our other contestants were: Bill Oberlies, 488, Richard Morrison, 488, Dennis Boccard, 486, and the alternate, Mark Welch, 483, for a total five-man score of 2,448. The second-place team from Pennsylvania scored 2,373.

To me this proves the worth of the physical-education program of our school. The idea of physical education is mainly to build strong bodies and not just football, basketball players etc., even though our athletic teams have been powers in their divisions for many years.

ROBERT J. CHESTER

Carle Place, N.Y.

MEMORIES

Sirs:

Enjoyed Malihini Jenkins' report on events along Waikiki (*The Summer Surfers Invade Hawaii*, July 24). It stirred memories of a year spent on Oahu Rock. Although I am overaged (35) for the trash can, there are a lot of happenings that old men in their 30s can shovel.

DUB GRAVIS

Fort Worth

continued

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Sirs:

On behalf of all "service creeps" stationed on Oahu and those individuals, past, present, and future visiting from Vietnam on R&R, I wish to apologize to that young lady who complained about "service creeps" in your article on Hawaii. I didn't realize that I and my fellow servicemen posed such an obstacle to the enjoyment of her Hawaiian stay. Apparently I mistakenly believed that I also had a right to enjoy and use the same facilities as the young lady and her friends. I suggest that prior to her departure from Hawaii, she visit the *Arizona* Memorial and then Punchbowl National Cemetery, where both old and new graves attest to the part "service creeps" have played and are playing in the defense of our country.

SP5 E. L. EVANS, USA

APO, San Francisco

LIFE BEGINS

Sirs:

As a charter subscriber to SI, I have for many years asked myself, "Why is this publication so preoccupied with golf?" It seemed to me that, relative to the interests of the average sports fan, an inordinate amount of space was devoted to golf tournaments, wherever they might have been held.

Somehow your feature *They All Love a Latin* (July 24) crystallized the answer. This is the one sport (bridge excepted) where age is least likely to separate the men from the boys. Where else in sports can the 40-plussers like Roberto de Vicenzo so clearly and impressively (on occasion) beat the younger generation? If the wonderful Latin with the big nose and barrelful of empathy was an unusual victor in tournament golf, that would be one thing. But look at his contemporaries—Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, Julius Boros, E. J. Harrison, Art Wall—who are still capable, among many other oldtimers, of capturing the trophy or being right up there among the top five finishers.

This all adds up to one thing: the age factor is an important contributor to the magical impact of golf. It enables the older generation to identify. It provides heaps of nostalgia and it hits home.

CARL GEBHART

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

FLARING EGO

Sirs:

I don't know whether to thank you or not for Tex Maule's article on Gaston Roelants (*Fleeting with a Flair*, July 17). It was an interesting story on Belgium's highly praised athlete. But I nearly got sick at the man's egotistical views. Play it safe and stay at home with more articles on Jim Ryun and fewer on conceited trophy-savers.

BILL SCHUSLER

Rye, N.Y.

Sports Illustrated

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How to Avoid Boredom with a Modified Choke

As Annie Oakley said, a girl can't get a man with a gun. But if she already has the man and he already has a gun, the least a girl can do is get one for herself and learn how to shoot it **by SUSAN BLACKBURN**

For many years I never held a gun in my hand or felt any desire to. Then I found myself married to an Englishman who talked shooting and hunting from August to February and who dragged me with him to sit away long weekends in stately homes and chat with nonshooting nannies and mums while he and the other men bagged hares and grouse on heathered moors.

After some seven years of this I decided the time had come to take Annie Oakley seriously. So I went to visit Mr. Lyell. Mr. Lyell is the manager of Holland & Holland of Bruton Street, riflemakers to Prince Philip. As soon as I sat down in his office, Mr. Lyell showed me a photograph of the Prince holding one Holland & Holland gun and a photograph of another made for an Indian maharaja with a replica of the Taj Mahal engraved on its stock. I hurriedly explained that while I did indeed have every hope of following these royal examples I thought I'd better find out if I could fire a gun before I bought one. No trouble at all. We could, said Mr. Lyell, arrange a series of six private lessons (for $38, plus the cost of shells and clay targets) for me at the Holland & Holland shooting school, 13 miles from London. There, he said, on 70 acres of beautiful country, lie 15 shooting stands where clay birds are thrown to simulate partridge, pheasant, driven grouse and flighting duck. On the principle that no one could resist such delights I signed up for the course.

The following morning at 8:30 a plum-colored station wagon drove me to the school. My instructor, a Mr. Norman Clarke, greeted me, wearing a knickerbocker suit in brown-checked tweed, and began my lesson with advice on appropriate shooting dress. "Never wear a loud color that might startle the birds or distract the other shooters," he said (I was in a bright-red windbreaker). "Plus-fours are still worn here by the men," he added. "The ladies wear tweed suits, comfortable shoes with studs, and small-brimmed mackintosh hats." I had on corduroy trousers, Wellington boots and a scarf.

Having scored zero on attire, I was ushered into a small school building surrounded by rose gardens in brilliant bloom, and handed my first gun. Right then, before I had even started, I despaired. I couldn't tell you its weight, but I'd as soon find fun in pushing a bulldozer uphill as in carrying that gun for a day on the moors. "This is our try gun," said Mr. Clarke. "Of course, it's heavier than a shotgun." He smiled, having noticed my palsied arms. "We use it to fit you. It will be adjusted in nine different ways for your arm length, the shape of your shoulder and, most importantly, your eyesight. When I've worked with a pupil and find he's missing consistently in the same way, I know his gun has insufficient cast-off— I think you call that offset in the U.S. Anyone whose gun isn't a perfect fit is handicapping his shooting ability. Your gun should compensate for any personal physical weakness, and you should have it checked every year. I've got a man who comes out for lessons whose stock has been shortened from 14¼ to 12⅛ over the years as his muscles contracted. He's 84 now and still shooting well."

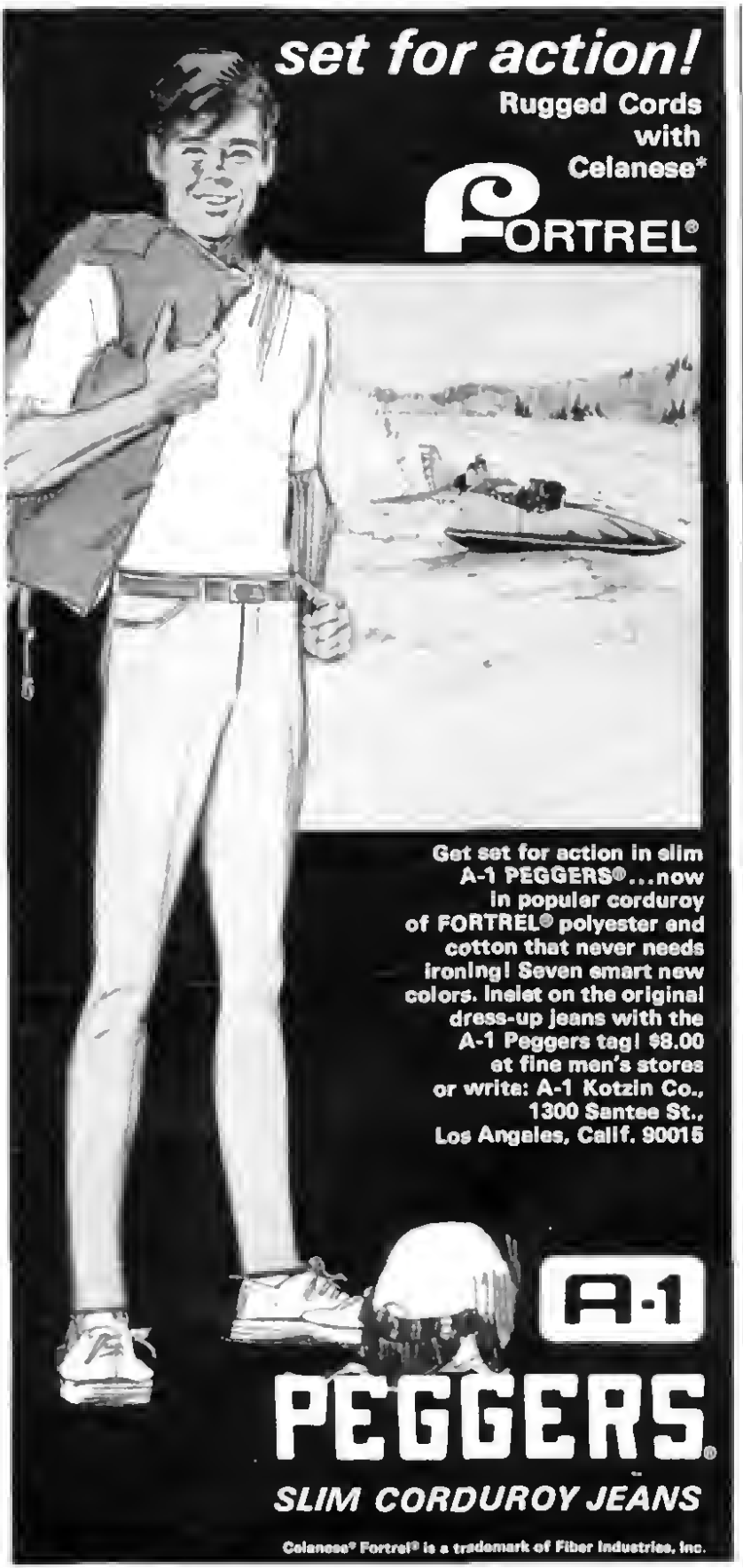
As we walked along the footpath across the open field to the fitting plate at which I would fire my first shot (from the lightest gun in the shop—28 bore), Mr. Clarke was careful to show me how he carried his gun over one arm, unloaded and with the breech open. I'd had mine up on my shoulder like the guards at Buckingham Palace.

"Now, the first thing you do," he said when we reached the plate, "is to look through the barrel and see if it's empty. Then you take your stance: left toe at 12 o'clock, right toe at 2 o'clock, with four to six inches between the heels. If your stance is too wide you'll drop a shoulder while crossing birds. Then balance the gun between your hands: the left hand under the barrel with the thumb around the grip and the pad of the first finger resting on the trigger guard ready to squeeze the trigger. You don't want to squeeze with the joint instead of the pad of that finger or you'll be in for bruised fingers. Now, mounting that gun correctly is very important. You're holding the gun in any comfortable and safe position and you see a bird. Keep your eyes on that bird and bring the gun up so that the stock pauses for a second under the right armpit. Now, forget the gun completely. Your eyes must be riveted on the bird! This will compel you to keep your head still—so that the stock of the gun is allowed to come to the correct place against your shoulder and cheek. Don't incline your cheek to the gun, but bring the gun right up to your cheek. If you do this your shoulder will meet the gun. Never put the gun to your shoulder. If you are looking at the bird your left hand will automatically point at it, and if you bring the gun up to your cheek your shoulder will meet it. Once you've learned the correct gun mounting, the barrel end will take care of itself. All you have to do is keep your eyes on the bird."

"Now mount your gun!" I checked my stance. O.K. Left hand under, thumb right, fingers left, right thumb on the grip. O.K., up. The stock rested under my right armpit. "Now, forget the gun!" shouted Mr. Clarke. I forgot my gun and a second later ended my first mounting with my head twisted sideways and straining down right to meet the stock that was still stuck under my armpit!

On my second lesson I was allowed to load the gun. "No! Don't push the cartridge in. Drop it in; let it take itself in. Look first to make sure there's nothing in there. It's easy to drop in a smaller shell—say, one your child dropped in your cartridge bag. Then you put in another, thinking, 'Funny, thought I just put one in,' and you fire and blow off your hand." Pretty funny, all right, I thought. But my instructor was speaking again. "When you close the gun bring the stock up to the barrels—not the other way round."

continued



Modified Choke

A few moments later we were aiming at "driven partridge," which still remarkably resembled clay pigeons. "Here," said Clarke, "you have to start from behind the bird. He's coming right over you. Look at the tail. Move your eyes up to its beak. You'll think you're in front of it—shoot! That's it! Move up on it. Good."

Oh, I thought, this is fun! Shooting is fun!

"No. You stopped your gun. Keep moving. Fire as you get to the beak, but let the gun follow through. No! [Shooting's a bloody waste of time!] Try again. Keep your eyes on the bird. Good! [Oh, shooting is great]."

I shot about 40 rounds at the "partridge," and to Mr. Clarke's delight I hit every "bird" when I did exactly what he had said. As we walked back to the central building Mr. Clarke discussed boring—how "full choke" means a close boring, giving you a nine-inch diameter of shot at 20 yards and how "cylinder" is open boring and gives 20 inches diameter at 20 yards, and how the ideal game boring is improved cylinder in the right barrel and modified choke in the left, and how, if you are shooting driven grouse, you want improved cylinder in both barrels, and how, if it's wild fowl you're after, you have to have three-quarters in the left and full choke in the right. All perfectly clear—like binary mathematics.

"In the grouse butt, Jack!" Mr. Clarke called out to the bent old trapper who hobbled off to "pull" for my third lesson. It was a beautiful, clear, sunny day, and we had to wait between shots for a tractor to turn the hay for drying in the field where we stood. The school's land is farmed by a neighbor, and in rainy England "make hay while the sun shines" is no figure of speech. At last, however, the fun began. The birds were released from eight different positions, singly and in pairs. Expecting one bird to the right, I would get two to my left. The shock made me jump, and then the gun would bounce. My left arm got weak and wobbly.

"Even the best shooters have to get that left arm in shape before the season," said Mr. Clarke. "After all, if you are right-handed your left arm doesn't do much during the year. You can't expect it to suddenly get strong when fall rolls around." (I made a vow to use my left arm for everything I could from then on.

continued

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The vow stuck for three days and cost me two cups, one plate, two cigarette burns and one spilled martini.)

For my fourth lesson we moved to the tower.

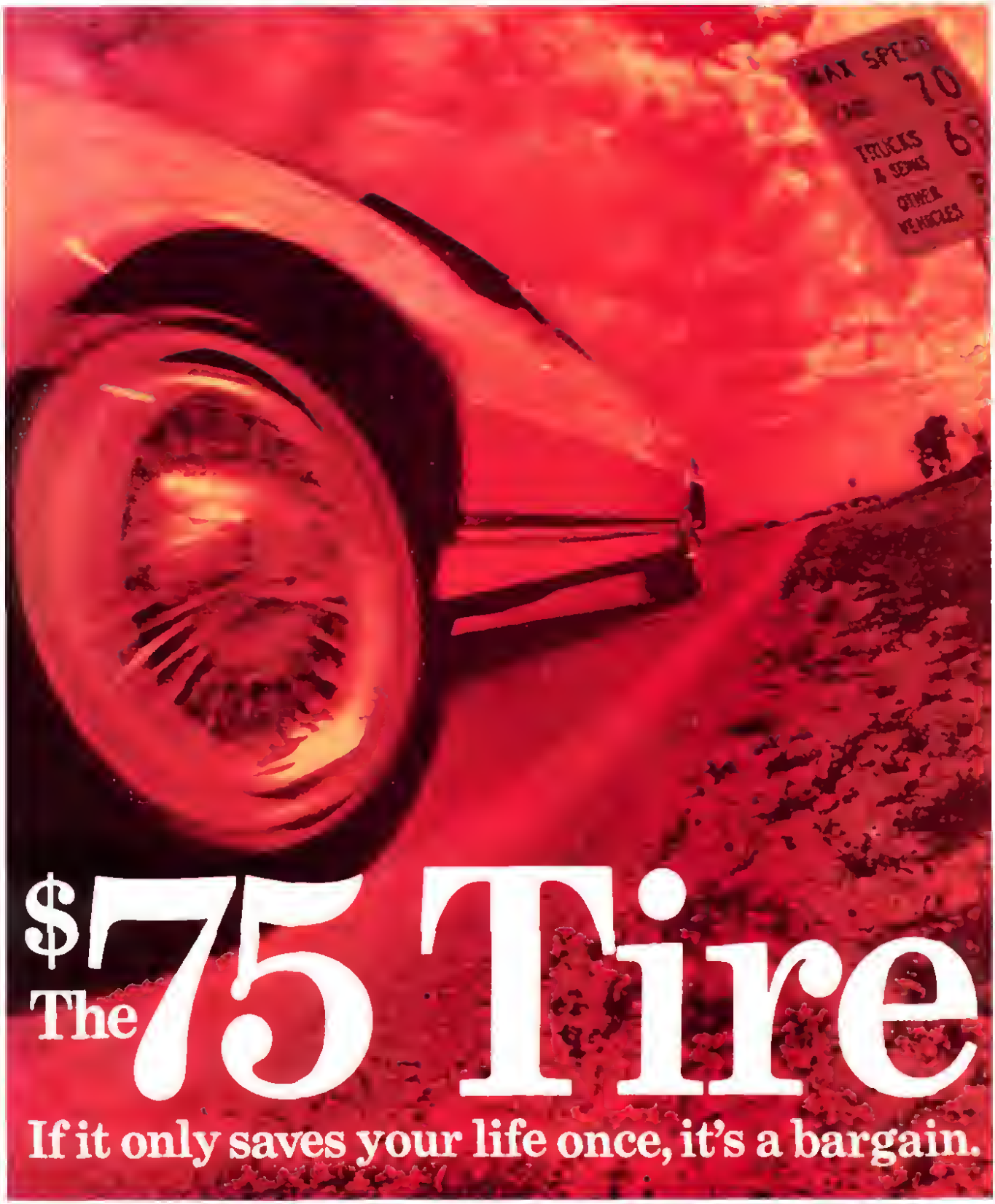
"I want you to remember that shotgun shooting is instinctive shooting. These birds are coming from what seems far away. Keep both eyes on the bird, and don't take a second go. Shoot when your gun reaches your cheek at the moment you're on the beak. A high bird looks farther away than he is. Your eyes will deceive you, but you'll miss him if you wait."

He was right. I waited, and I missed.

For my last two lessons I was given another instructor, Mr. C. G. Potter, who has been teaching since 1932. He is older than Mr. Clarke (68 is a guess). He is bent with rheumatism, and his large hands are swollen with arthritis. All that Mr. Clarke had said he reiterated, so that my confidence in what I had already learned remained intact. I learned in addition that I tended to shift my weight and that my weight should remain slightly on the ball of my right foot. I also learned from Mr. Potter that the lighter the gun the more chance of recoil. This surprised me at first, but he explained that a heavier stock would naturally absorb more recoil. Mr. Potter's hearing has been affected after years of shooting, and he recommended earplugs for use during lessons. "You need your ears open, though, when you're waiting for a real bird."

So now my ears are open and ringing with such admonitions as, "Keep your eyes on the bird!" "Don't check the gun when you pull the trigger!" "Follow through to the beak!" "Don't look at the gun!" "Keep your head still!" and, "Point at the bird with your left arm!"

I may not bag my limit this fall, but with any luck I won't shoot a ghillie or a duke, and I reckon (as the British say) that with a brushup lesson or two before the season, a spiffy new tweed suit, a new pair of oxfords with studs, a Robin Hood hat, and a properly cast-off gun I should be all right, Jack. I'm sure, after all these years of urging me to shoot, my husband will be delighted. Let's see: that's $38 for lessons to date, about $35 for the shells, say $20 for brushup classes, $90 for the suit, $50 for the jacket, $10 for a hat, $27 for shoes and a made-to-order gun for only $2,750—yes, he'll be delighted. **END**



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